

Get Off the Escalator *The Editors*

THE NEW

December 18, 1965, 35 cents

REPUBLIC

Whose Society Is This?

Charlie Cobb

*The first in a series of personal
statements by young radicals*

Changeless de Gaulle — *Michel Gordey*

At the Waldorf — *Murray Kempton*

Missed Masterpiece — *Robert Brustein*

NEWSPAPER NEW
GUY W BAILEY LIB
SERIALS DEPT
UNIV OF VT
BURLINGTON VT
DEC 65 10 18 AM '65

The Seven Arts Book Society
invites you to accept
this 3-volume set
FREE with membership

vision + value

edited by
Gyorgy Kepes

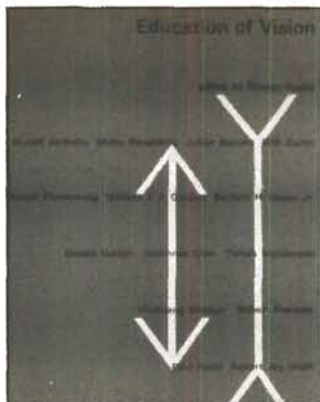
An exciting project of world interest, the VISION + VALUE series is a unique work of its kind involving many of the foremost authorities in the sciences and the arts—painters, scientists, sculptors, architects, film directors, psychologists, art historians, literary critics—those who are deeply concerned with the central problems which face art, science and technology in our time.

Edited by Gyorgy Kepes, Professor of Visual Design, M.I.T., and author of *Language of Vision*, the volumes aim to find channels of communication among various disciplines and to offer a sense of structure in our twentieth century world.

Though touching upon many territories, the VISION + VALUE volumes center on visual formulations of our awareness of contemporary problems: the reshaping of our physical, spatial environment as it presents itself to the human eye; the visual grasp of the new aspects of nature revealed in modern science; the experience of the artist in our society. Each volume is devoted to a broad basic theme which, because of its common or related meaning to different professional concepts, provides fruitful ground for confronting, combining and comparing knowledge from diverse disciplines. Each contains an introduction by Gyorgy Kepes and approximately 15 essays written expressly for the book by members of the scientific, scholarly and artistic professions. Finally, the integrated character and meaning of each volume (8 1/2" x 10 1/4"; over 200 pages) is complemented and sustained by the great richness of the images offered in the more than 150 illustrations.

Scientists will find here a key to artistic values; and artists, the vision of the scientist's world. For architects and city planners, for scholars, educators and students, here is the pulse of ideas in the making, the scope of today's problems. For general readers, these books provide an invaluable guide to the cultural landscape.

Although the combined retail price of the VISION + VALUE series is \$37.50, you may obtain all three volumes without charge as an Introductory Gift with membership in the Seven Arts Book Society.



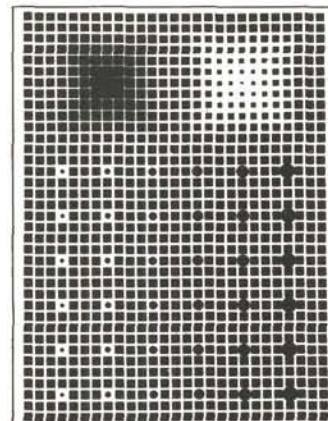
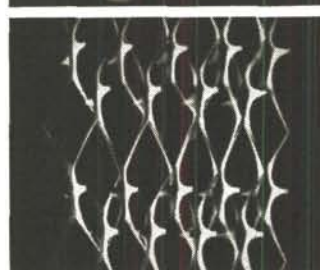
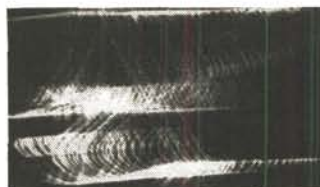
EDUCATION OF VISION
Rudolf Arnheim • Wolfgang Metzger • Anton Ehrenzweig • Gerald Holton • Will Burtin • William J. J. Gordon • Johannes Itten • Tomas Maldonado • Paul Rand • Mirko Basaldella • Julian Beinart • Bartlett H. Hayes, Jr. • Robert Preusser • Robert Jay Wolff



STRUCTURE IN ART AND IN SCIENCE
Lancelot L. Whyte • Cyril S. Smith • Richard Held • Jacob Bronowski • R. Buckminster Fuller • Eduard F. Sekler • Pier Luigi Nervi • Allison & Peter Smithson • R. Maki & M. Ohtaka • I. A. Richards • H. C. L. Jaffe • Max Bill • Richard Lippold • Margit Staber



THE NATURE AND ART OF MOTION
Gerald Holton • James S. Ackerman • Gillo Dorfles • Hans Wallach • James J. Gibson • Stanley W. Hayter • George Rickey • Katharine Kuh • Earl Gerstner • Hans Richter • Robert Gesner • Gordon B. Washburn • Donald Appleyard



Yours FREE with membership
3 Volumes • Over 450 Illustrations • Retail \$37.50

THE SEVEN ARTS BOOK SOCIETY offers you the exceptional opportunity to build what André Malraux described as "a museum without walls"—to enrich your home with the finest books on the arts—and at substantial savings. The selections of *The Seven Arts Book Society*—like those listed here—are all books of permanent value: oversize, richly illustrated volumes with definitive texts. Moreover, as a member you will regularly enjoy savings of 33 1/3% and more. Why not begin your trial membership today? Discover for yourself the great advantages of belonging to this unique organization. You may begin membership with any one of the magnificent books shown here at the special member's price, and receive the 3-volume VISION & VALUE free, as an introductory gift.

BEGIN MEMBERSHIP WITH ANY ONE OF THESE OUTSTANDING RECENT SELECTIONS—AT THE SPECIAL MEMBER'S PRICE

Key Monuments of the History of Architecture, Henry A. Millon and Alfred Frazer. Retail \$17.50. Member's price \$13.95.

Encyclopedia of Modern Architecture. Texts by 31 architectural historians. Retail \$15.00. Member's price \$10.95.

An Illustrated History of Furnishing, Mario Praz. Retail \$25.00. Member's price \$19.95.

Rembrandt: The Complete Etchings, K. C. Boon. Retail \$18.50. Member's price \$13.50.

Ben Shahn: Paintings and Graphic Art, James Thrall Soby. 2 vols., boxed. Retail \$25.00. Member's price \$14.95.

The City in History, Lewis Mumford; and **Space, Time and Architecture**, Sigfried Giedion. Combined retail price \$24.00. Member's price (for both books) \$16.90.

The Complete Book of Artists' Techniques, Kurt Herberts. Retail \$15.00. Member's price \$11.95.

Cities, Lawrence Halprin. 400 ills. Retail \$15.00. Member's price \$13.50.

Eero Saarinen on His Work, ed. by Aline B. Saarinen. Retail \$15.00. Member's price \$11.95.

Modern Sculpture, Jean Selz. Retail \$17.50. Member's price \$12.95.

The Seven Arts Book Society, Inc.
One Park Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10016
Please enroll me and send without charge all three volumes of VISION + VALUE together with my first selection at the special member's price (plus postage and handling). I agree to buy four additional selections or alternates in the next 12 months, from the wide range of books available to me at substantial savings. When I do not want the current selection—or prefer to order another book—I may so indicate on the convenient form provided for this purpose. I may cancel my membership at any time after purchasing the four additional books.

(First Selection)

(Please print full name)

Street

City

State

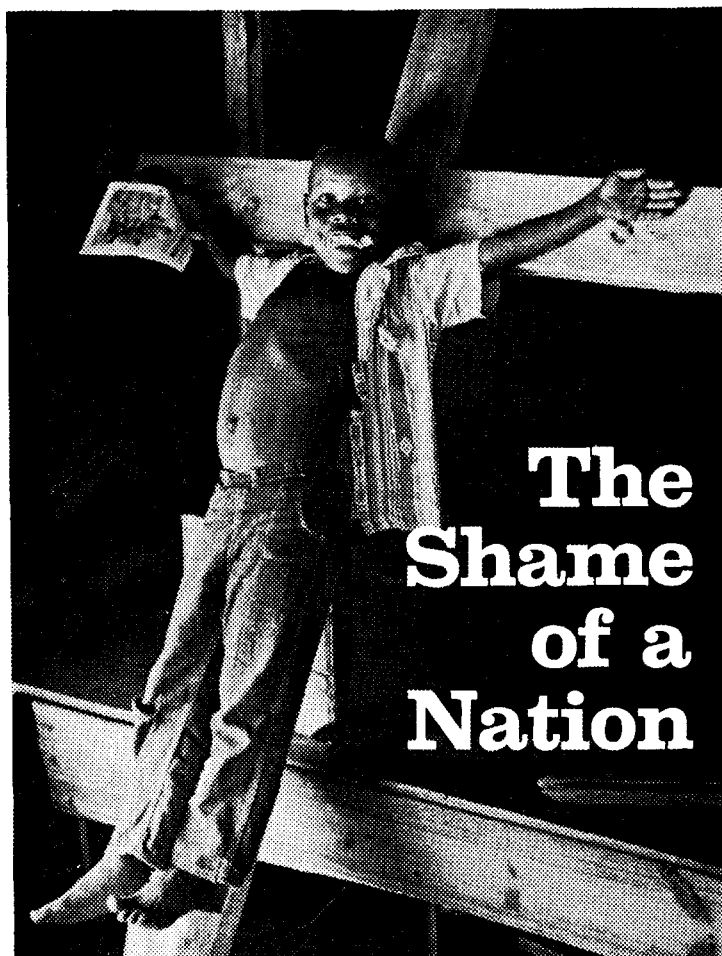
SSS-12NR-1

"... INEXPRESSIVELY MOVING."
Walter Lippmann

"... LITERALLY STUNNING."
Robert L. Heilbroner

"... ARTISTIC AND CONSCIENCE-PROVOKING."
Sargent Shriver

"... CARRIES TREMENDOUS IMPACT."
Chicago Tribune



These are samples of the reaction produced by this new, dramatic, photographic essay on American poverty, *The Shame Of A Nation*.

Not since the photo-journalistic artistry of James Agee and Walker Evans, of Erskine Caldwell and Margaret Bourke-White has the face of American poverty been so vividly and movingly portrayed.

The lean but moving text by Philip M. Stern, author of the best-selling *The Great Treasury Raid*, and the striking photographs of Washington photographer, George de Vincent, are the result of a year's time and research and 27,000 miles of travel throughout the U. S.

YOU CAN READ IT IN AN EVENING

... BUT YOU'LL REMEMBER IT FOR A LIFETIME!

The Shame of a Nation

by PHILIP M. STERN

Photographs by GEORGE DE VINCENT

Ivan Obolensky, Inc.

1114 First Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10012

I enclose \$_____. Please send me _____ copy (ies) of *The Shame of A Nation*, at \$5.15 each (includes cost of mailing).

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

T.R.B.

from
Washington

The Market

★ Ten minutes before the market opened last week we went into a broker's office and waited. There is a club-like atmosphere inside a broker's office like a good British pub. Desks and seats all faced the board from which came preliminary chattering in the final electronic test before takeoff. Some of the initials in the rows of parallel quotation columns were easy to recognize, like "GM" and "C" under "Autos." We planted ourself firmly in a black leather chair near the front, like J. P. Morgan, and asked the customers' man beside us in a knowing way: "Looks bleak, eh?" He gave a sweeping gesture, thumb down.

"Market Open" flashed a sign. At once the humming and cricket-chirping swelled. It sounded like the Old Homestead barnyard. There was drama in Vietnam, too, but this was more immediate. "Boy! Chrysler opened at 50, down 2 1/8!" said our man. The volume of shares traded in the first half hour topped a million. The market had hit the air-pocket of the higher Federal Reserve Board discount rate.

Above the mechanical quotation board, with all its little trap doors that twittered price changes, ran a long illuminated band. Latest quotations flashed silently on and off here at a much faster tempo than below. They lingered perhaps five seconds for their telltale hieroglyphs to be scanned: DD . . . IBM . . . ER and then they were wiped out from left to right as though a sponge had passed over them, and others succeeded.

"Digits," said our man excitedly. We looked uncomprehending. When he had pulled himself together he made us understand that the first digit had been

dropped on the ribbon of light to speed things up: thus "C" for Chrysler (which closed the week before at 52 1/8 a share), now became just "C 9.1" meaning to any sophisticated observer that it was selling at 49 1/8.

We left the twittering aviary, admiring as we departed the waxed-moustached little man at the end of the hall, a dapper figure watching far-off quotations through opera glasses. As you know, of course, the trading reached four million shares that first hour, a record. Values dropped sickeningly and then recovered most of the loss. Where the Martin Market goes from here is anybody's guess. When FRB Chairman Martin reported last June that he saw similarities between now and 1929, the market in six weeks lost \$30 billion of paper values. Then it briskly recovered.

Intolerable?

★ We think it is pretty silly to have an independent FRB. The powerful Bank of England is not independent. No other central bank is. Our system would be thought intolerable in any other country. The Constitution gives Congress control over money, but in 1913 it delegated it to the FRB. The theory is that this takes it out of politics and that the FRB is a kind of Supreme Court. The analogy, however, is false. The Supreme Court has the Constitution to interpret and guidelines of ancient precedents. Managing money is quite different. It involves social-value judgments between lenders and borrowers. Furthermore it is only one oar of the boat; the government holds the other, in its power to spend or retrench.

How can the boat maneuver if one oar thrashes one way; the other, the other way? There is a whole literature of academic protest against the system. Even Chicago University economist Milton Friedman, Goldwater's adviser, attacked FRB independence in testimony here in March 1964: such dispersal of authority is likely to do more harm than good, he said, "as in the past." Nevertheless the public isn't convinced. Martin is as much a totem as J. Edgar Hoover.

We don't dislike Chairman Martin. He just had a thing on inflation. He's affable and has humor. He doesn't see the 30 percent of Negro youths unemployed, however; he just sees a stable

dollar. The issue here, we guess, is perspective. The country often has to make a harsh choice: Would you rather have stable prices, and unemployment, or rising jobs and a little inflation? Martin, we guess, would nearly always pick the first; LBJ, the second.

Having said this, let us add that we believe there is danger of inflation. Quiet estimates are going out that Vietnam is becoming a \$15-to-\$20-billion a year war, requiring 400,000 men. You will hear more of this soon. The FRB's vote, 4-to-3, boosting the cost of money, seemed to us precipitate, but we do not expect any brute-strength showdown with Mr. Johnson. The congressional autopsy by Rep. Wright Patman could make Martin a martyr.

Leon Keyserling, who has been right as often as any economist we know in Washington, deplores the FRB's action, but doesn't think it will bring immediate grief. His anxiety goes deeper. It is real anguish. He thinks the Kennedy-Johnson regime has poured tax benefits on corporations and the rich, who are translating it into glittering new plants and factories. This is material "growth" all right, but who will buy the products of these plants a year or two hence if wages aren't raised, and who will prevent more revolts like Watts, if unemployment among Negroes isn't down?

Anyway, to finish it off, the signs we see point to more growth, more strain, higher prices and – if demure politician Johnson wants it – a chance to blame the FRB for interfering.

★ Notes: The GOP 28-member Coordinating Committee has brought its continuing worries back to Washington again: Whether to condemn the Birch Society and how to win the Negro vote. . . . NY Mayor-Elect Lindsay spent \$2.5 million in his campaign. . . . All hail, Howard Mumford Jones! – asked to take a loyalty oath after agreeing to teach at the U of Texas he quit. . . . The U of North Carolina won't be discredited by the 11-state Southern Association: the state legislature repealed its ban on Communist speakers. . . . Last summer we sadly predicted widespread famines in "five or ten years"; we were wrong, famine begins in India in 1966. . . . And finally, Ecumenical Council or not, the population explosion gives the world the choice of famine, abortion or birth control.

THE NEW REPUBLIC *A Journal of Opinion* Volume 153 Number 25 Issue 2665 December 18, 1965
 Published weekly (except July and August when it is biweekly) and distributed by The New Republic, 1244 19th St., N.W.,
 Washington, D. C. 20036. Phone FEderal 8-2494. Single copy 35c. Yearly subscription, \$8; Foreign, \$9; Armed Forces per-
 sonnel or students, \$6.50. Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies, and changes of
 addresses to Subscription Department, The New Republic, 381 West Center Street, Marion, Ohio 43301. Copyright© 1965
 by Harrison-Blaine of New Jersey, Inc. Item g. Second Class Postage Paid at Washington, D. C. Indexed in Readers' Guide.

CONTENTS

COMMENT - 5-8

Get Off the Escalator, The
 Mystery of Haryou, Raising
 the Cost of Money

May It Please the Court

- by Andrew Kopkind 9

President Frei and the Copper Goose

- by Mildred Adams 10

Status Cymbal - by Marya Mannes 12

Whose Society Is This? - by Charlie Cobb 13

Postscript: A Moderately Great Society

- by Kenneth E. Boulding 15

Don't Expect de Gaulle To Change

- by Michel Gordey 16

Laughter at the Waldorf

- by Murray Kempton 19

BOOKS - reviews by Eleanor Dienstag,

Frank Warnke, Thomas W. Wilson, Jr.,

Gerald W. Johnson 21

THEATRE by Robert Brustein 28

FILMS by Stanley Kauffmann 32

ART by Frank Getlein 33

CORRESPONDENCE 36

THE STAFF

Editor-in-Chief - Gilbert A. Harrison

Managing Editor - Alex Campbell

Books and Arts Editor - Robert Evett

Associate Editors - James Ridgeway,

Andrew Kopkind

Staff Writer - David Sanford

Assistant to the Editors - F. R. Ruskin

Copy Editor - Lucille Davis

Contributing Editors: Alexander M. Bickel,

Robert Brustein, Asher Brynes,

Joseph Featherstone, Helen Fuller,

Frank Getlein, B. H. Haggin,

Morton H. Halperin, Irving Howe,

Christopher Jencks, Gerald W. Johnson,

Stanley Kauffmann, Murray Kempton,

Charles Burton Marshall, Helen Hill Miller

Publisher - Robert B. Luce

Circulation Manager - Bertha Lehman

Business Manager - Glenon Matthiesen

New York Advertising Representative -

E. Laurence White, Jr., Good-Laidley-White

50 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. 10017

Get Off the Escalator

Secretary of State Dean Rusk dumped a long-dead cat out of the bag when he said last week that the United States won't consider a coalition government in Saigon that would include Communists as part of the price of possible peace in Vietnam. So much for repeated offers of "unconditional discussions." The Administration hasn't been anxious for negotiations since at least September, when it decided that beefing up American ground forces in the South combined with the bombing of the North would not only avert defeat, but would so mince the Viet Cong that in time they would recognize it was useless to go on fighting and, without any need for negotiation, would abandon the struggle. What does beefing up mean? Last December, there were 23,000 American troops in Vietnam. The figure has reached 160,000, and American generals in Saigon are saying that 300,000 or even 400,000 won't be enough to do the job; they want at least 500,000 by spring. How many of those Americans will the Viet Cong mince? In a recent 21-day period, our casualties were 1,400. How much further beefing up will be necessary even after the generals' spring target of half a million American soldiers is attained? Are American forces in Vietnam to be doubled, tripled every two or three years? President Johnson doesn't say, perhaps doesn't know, though he has said he will "provide whatever men may be needed" - a grisly promise, considering that some of his advisers are talking about the war lasting another 10 years or more. Secretary McNamara, for example, believes we have "stopped losing" but that "a long struggle" lies ahead. And what will this long struggle achieve, in the end? A world in which no people anywhere will dare wage a civil war? Hardly. And what in Vietnam itself? After the biggest share of battle casualties on the anti-Communist side has been switched from the South Vietnamese army, which has hitherto borne the brunt and is beat, to the fresh Americans who are taking over more and more of the fighting - such a switch in percentage losses is already fast occurring - what then? Administration spokesmen say they hope the Viet Cong will finally "fade away," but some of them admit that even if the Viet Cong do fade away, it will probably be only to fight another day. So that what we are in for is a permanent American garrison - or a rapid widening of the war until it involves China and so becomes what most American statesmen, and every American soldier (including General MacArthur) has dreaded and argued against for more than a decade: a giant American land war in Asia, with no prospect of "vic-

tory" (how do you "conquer" China?). The war threatens to escalate to those dimensions willy-nilly, without any deliberate decision to wage it thus, indeed an aversion to doing so, just because the Administration cannot bring itself to step off the escalator, having no confidence in negotiation, but no formula for victory either. Surely no country in the world ever got itself so trapped in a situation where its own national security is not at stake. For ours is not. It is said that we are resisting aggression and that if we do not fight on here we will have to fight elsewhere in defense of some other small country, against "aggression." This misreads the nature and history of the Vietnam war. It is a civil war but the North Vietnamese regular army of 250,000 men kept out of it until after we greatly stepped up our own intervention. And even now, the number of regular North Vietnam soldiers fighting in the South is less than half the 160,000 Americans—though this is unlikely to last if we keep on adding to the number of American soldiers there. It is we, not North Vietnam, and not China either, who are pouring in troops and doing all the bombing.

And yet, if we pull out, runs the argument, American prestige will sink all over the world, especially in Asia.



"Better Take Cover, Men. McNamara's Feeling Optimistic Again."

What do those who are so persuaded think will happen to our prestige if we go on as we are? Suppose we listen to Air Force Chief of Staff General John P. McConnell? Last week, after admitting that despite "incessant bombing" it was "virtually impossible" to stop infiltration from the North, he gave the assurance that we nevertheless have the "military capability" to "destroy North Vietnam and force its surrender virtually overnight." Is this to be our ace in the hole? Genocide? If the alternative is ever-mounting American casualties on the ground in the South, we may well end by doing what General McConnell implies we should. Then what of American prestige? Millions already regard us as the white men who bomb Asians. Will dropping more bombs on still more Asians increase world confidence in the sanity or humanity of the United States? Will our European allies and friends applaud us, or even privately cheer us, if we do? Not one. And it goes without saying that such a course would erode or undermine whatever chance there is of mutually profitable cooperation with the Russians.

How have we got in this mess? By ignoring what the Senate was told by John F. Kennedy as far back as April 6, 1954. Senator Kennedy said of the Vietnam war, in which the French were then playing the sacrificial role: "I am frankly of the belief that no amount of American military assistance in Indochina can conquer an enemy who is everywhere and at the same time nowhere, 'an enemy of the people' which has the sympathy and covert support of the people." That was the situation then; it is by and large the situation now, after 11 more years of fighting. The Vietnamese people are sick of endless warfare, and the Viet Cong by their presence bring war into their villages since we attack and bomb where the Viet Cong are; and there have been Viet Cong atrocities, just as there have been Saigon atrocities. But we may be sure Vietnamese peasants who are weary of the Viet Cong for those reasons are at least as heartily sick of us, the white men with the napalm. For the sake of human lives, of our standing in the world, and in our own national interest, we ought to get out as fast as we can.

Is it true that the enemy won't negotiate? Ho Chi Minh, who is widely regarded among Vietnamese as their George Washington or Robert the Bruce, appeared on American television last week (but speaking in Hanoi). He stated that "the Vietnamese people eagerly want peace to build up their country." His terms for peace were that the US stop its air attacks on North Vietnam, withdraw its troops from South Vietnam and "let the Vietnamese people settle by themselves their own affairs as provided for in the Geneva agreements. Then peace will be immediately restored." Secretary Rusk, in his television appearance on December 7 said: "If the South Vietnamese people have a chance in free elections to make their own choices, they

will not elect a Communist to power in Saigon." Would he put that to the test, now? Free elections were, in terms of the 1954 Geneva agreements, to have been held in 1956, but the then Saigon regime with the full backing of the US refused to hold them. If the Administration can't say when or how this war will end or what our notion of an ending is except the Viet Cong's sometime, somehow fading away, then it seems to be a hard choice between Ho Chi Minh's proposals, and 10 more years of pointless fighting, unless indeed the fighting escalates still further, into war with China and in that event possibly with Russia too (last week the Russians reversed the downward drift of their defense spending and Mr. Johnson's January budget will certainly show ours rising still more). Rather than go on with a war that is more than useless, that is degrading,

that is slaughter without justification in terms of moral purpose or national security, this country should pull out of Vietnam. Would we thereby lose face? Some. But no more than would be suffered by China if that country unwisely got itself mixed up in a civil war in some Latin American country but finally decided to withdraw from a place so far removed geographically and so little affecting China's national interests. Most Americans and Latin Americans would regard *that* pull-back as sensible, though doubtless some people in Peking would bitterly oppose it as a blow to prestige from which China might never recover. In Vietnam, what are the alternatives to withdrawal, other than a permanent garrison and endless fighting and escalation of fighting? If there are other alternatives, let the Administration name them.

The Mystery of Haryou

Adam Clayton Powell had promised to look into the way the poverty program is run. Now the Harlem Congressman himself is under fire from Republicans for foot-dragging in the investigation.

Recently four investigators hired by Powell to study the poverty program in various cities were fired from the staff of Powell's subcommittee of the House Education and Labor Committee. Apparently the investigators became restive doing nothing; losing patience one of them wrote a memo to the head of staff asking that employees be permitted to get on with the work at hand.

The sore point was Haryou-Act, the Harlem poverty program which has trouble accounting for some of its money. Haryou-Act was formed in 1964 and has since spent about \$11 million in city and federal funds, the bulk of it from New York City. Powell once said Haryou-Act was "the best anti-poverty program in the country." This fall, when its finances showed signs of stress, he proudly announced that his investigators reached the scene before either the Office of Economic Opportunity or the New York District Attorney's men began their inquiries. (Audits of Haryou-Act's books now are under study by the Justice Department and the OEO at one point froze further funds.)

Powell's investigators seem to have spent only two days in Harlem in mid-September. Their report dated September 27, raises a number of interesting questions. Haryou's finances, it said, "are in total disarray." Expenditures could not be correlated with requests for reimbursements; it was hard to tell from the payroll

where people who were paid worked; funds from different grants were intermingled.

On September 24, auditors from Price Waterhouse & Co., the firm retained to go over Haryou's books, met with investigators from the subcommittee, auditors sent to New York by the OEO, and Mr. Livingston Wingate, Haryou's executive director, who is a former aide, to Mr. Powell. According to the same September 27 report of the investigators, Mr. Wingate at the onset said that Haryou's accounting procedures were deficient. Wingate gave the Price Waterhouse representatives permission to speak freely to the subcommittee investigators. For their part, the investigators already knew that Haryou-Act had \$400,000 in outstanding debts, not including payroll. They had discovered an overdraft in Haryou's accounts of \$400,000 at Freedom National Bank of New York which opened for business December 21, 1964. A Price Waterhouse auditor said that on Tuesday (September 21) Haryou-Act overdrafts amounted to \$600,000. Mr. Wingate then explained that the Freedom National Bank was honoring \$400,000 in overdrafts and that he was holding \$200,000 in checks that were supposed to go out that day. All this was necessary to keep the program going. The funds to cover the overdrafts were supposed to come from Mr. Beame, the city controller. Mr. Wingate said Mr. Beame's office had \$700,000 worth of vouchers that the city had not paid Haryou. Some of these vouchers dated back to June. Mr. Wingate claimed that Haryou's accountants had not been aggressive enough in getting the vouchers paid. A Price Waterhouse man thought

some of the vouchers were not being paid because they had not been properly itemized.

On October 19, Price Waterhouse submitted a memorandum to Haryou detailing the "confusion" in the organization's finances. A Haryou accountant was replaced. Mr. Wingate was asked to take a 90-day sabbatical until matters were cleared up. His future at Haryou remains unclear.

A spokesman for the New York City Council Against Poverty, the city's umbrella poverty organization to which Haryou must submit vouchers for payment, said last week that the city has paid out between \$700,000 and \$800,000 on Haryou vouchers since September. Some of them dated back to October, 1964. Checking them out was time-consuming, for in certain instances the vouchers seemed unusual: One was for \$82,000 for stationery used during the 1965 summer program, the spokesman said.

In another section of their report, the subcommittee investigators said they were struck by the size of the security force at Haryou. "There is a policeman at every door, on every entrance and at every floor." The investigators were not able to ascertain the exact cost of maintaining this private police force for a poverty program. Figures ranged from \$9,000 to \$400,000 a year. Members of the subcommittee staff had not encountered this sort of security force at other poverty programs they had visited.

At this point, with the staff primed to go further into these matters, the Powell committee investigation into Haryou-Act seems to have fizzled out. The guard service at Haryou-Act is supplied by Deans Protective Service, a Harlem firm. Since September 28, 1965, the federal Office of Economic Opportunity has put up the money, understood to be in the neighborhood of \$10,000 a month, to pay for the guards. Sources at OEO said that while the use of a private protective agency at such a fee might at first seem unusual, Harlem was a wild place. Haryou-Act needed to take care lest equipment lying around in the open be stolen, and it had to keep children away from several small parks it was setting up. There was always danger of thievery in the office, and in general, since the program recently had come under such close scrutiny by city and federal officials, it could not afford to take any chances.

While it is understood that Deans Protective Service has been in business for a number of years, it filed as a corporation with the New York State Secretary of State's office only on September 16, 1965. The New York attorney who filed the papers is Andrew R. Tyler. Mr. Tyler also is president of Haryou-Act, Inc. and chairman of its decision-making executive committee. Mr. Tyler said last week that he had stepped in during an emergency illness to help Mr. Raymond Dean incorporate his protection service so that in case of Mr.

Dean's death the firm could continue and his wife would be assured of an income. Mr. Tyler said he was not an officer of the firm, nor a stockholder, and had no connection with it in any other respect.

Raising the Cost of Money

From now on, relations between Lyndon Johnson and William McChesney Martin, chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, seem likely to resemble those between President Jackson and Nicholas Biddle at the time of the controversy over the Bank of the United States. On December 2 the President said, "We expect next year to be another record year for the American economy. We are ever alert to danger signs, of course, and when we see them we will act accordingly. But we do not anticipate any major problems that confidence and cooperation cannot solve." Three days later, the Federal Reserve Board raised its discount rate—the basic rate for money that underlies the country's credit structure—from four to four and one-half percent.

Economic expansion without inflation has been maintained for a record 58 months, but its course has been accompanied by changes and there will be more if the Vietnam war intensifies. Unemployment is still serious among untrained teen-agers and the most unskilled adults, most of them Negroes, but the market for skilled and semi-skilled workers is tight: the jobless rate of the most stable element, married men with families, is down to about two percent. Government action has held down prices of aluminum, steel and wheat, but all items except food in the latest consumer price index showed a slight rise. Investment next year is estimated to run about \$57 billion (\$44.9 billion in 1964, \$51.8 billion this year), and hourly wage rates in construction are pushing up costs.

The FRB claimed it was "backing up the government's efforts to prevent inflationary excesses from damaging an economy now carrying the added burden of military operations in Vietnam," but the President regretted that the FRB had acted "before January, when we will have before us the full facts of next year's budget": he would have preferred budget restraint to boosting the cost of credit.

Conservative circles, however, say amen to the FRB move, for they believe that higher interest rates will dampen industrial borrowing for plant expansion and modernization. In 1962, to induce more investment, business got a seven percent tax credit and many companies reduced their withheld earnings and now must seek funds outside. That's where the new rates will be effective. Most of the country's big banks raised their rates within 24 hours of the FRB announcement.

The finance companies who lend to consumers will have to pay more for their money and will therefore

exercise more caution. Consumer credit outstanding tops \$81.5 billion, \$64.4 billion being installment credit.

But if some potential borrowers are given pause by the new rates, others will cover their outlay by raising their prices. Also, it will cost state and local governments more for schools, highway programs and urban renewal; and it will take more of the national budget to service the national debt. Over time, the new rates will work their way into the mortgage market, depressing it, though housing is by no means booming now.

The President if he wishes to make the FRB a whipping boy can put on it the onus of an unbalanced budget, should he offer one. If evidence of an economic pause appears, he can recall the FRB's tightening of credit in August, 1957, that began the decline of 1957-58.

He can welcome (he did not have to seek) the vociferous reaction on the Hill of his fellow-Texan and easy-money advocate, Representative Wright Patman, who is chairman of the House Banking Committee and this year's chairman of the Joint Congressional Committee on the Economic Report. (The Republicans on the Joint Committee recently asked for hearings on prices; the Democrats may now oblige with hearings on the price of credit). In the Senate, Russell Long, the Democratic Whip and successor to Harry Flood Byrd as chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, is a Populist-minded stalwart and Proxmire and Douglas denounced the FRB within hours of its action.

A more delicate move which the President both can and must make concerns an upcoming appointment to the Federal Reserve Board's seven-man membership. The nonrenewable term of Canby Balderston of Philadelphia expires in January. Balderston was one of the members who voted for last week's 4-3 decision. In recent months, Dewey Daane, an associate of Secretary Dillon at the Treasury until his appointment to the board, has frequently been the swing man in close decisions. If the President appoints an easy money advocate, he could be sure of an FRB policy aligned comfortably with Administration views. Yet this assurance would carry a price. Quite possibly, Chairman Martin might resign rather than continue in a minority position. Even if he didn't, the appointment could alienate the banking and business community.

Sweetness and light seemed to be exuded at the December 6 meeting, with the President at the ranch, of Chairman Martin, Secretary of the Treasury Fowler, CEA Chairman Ackley and Budget Director Schultze. Yet not since the quarrel under President Truman, when the FRB's determination to remove its postwar peg of government bond prices was terminated in the famous Fed-Treasury accord, has there been so sharp a confrontation. It is interesting that this agreement was negotiated on behalf of the Treasury by its then Assistant Secretary, William McChesney Martin.

May It Please the Court

"Passion and Reason, self-division's cause."

—FULKE GREVILLE

December 7 was "Dirty Book and Author Day" at the Supreme Court. Three cases of obscenity were to be heard, three more attempts to whittle down the laws of censorship to fit whatever chinks remain in the First Amendment guarantee: "Congress shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press. . . ."

A group of school girls on their Senior Trip to Washington from somewhere in the American heartland sat expectantly in the front row of the spectators' section, not quite sure what was going to take place. A young attorney poked a reporter; "dirty briefs?" he asked.

First up was *Ralph Ginzburg* (and certain corporations) v *United States of America*. Mr. Ginzburg had been sentenced in trial court to five-years imprisonment and fined \$28,000 for his publishing efforts. At issue was one number of *Eros*, a newsletter called *Liaison*, and a slim volume titled *The Housewife's Handbook on Selective Promiscuity*. All three were adjudged obscene under a US postal statute. Counsel for Mr. Ginzburg made the point that the publications had Redeeming Social Importance, a magic ingredient which the Court discovered in *Roth v United States* eight years ago. RSI provides an instant test for obscenity, along with negative findings of BDA (Basic Dominant Appeal – to prurient interest) and PO (Patent Offensiveness – exceeding the customary limits of candor in the community). *Eros* contained RSI, said the lawyers, and precious little (if any) BDA and PO.

Liaison had a good measure of RSI, no BDA and only traces, perhaps, of PO – Dwight Macdonald had said at the trial that it was just "tasteless, vulgar and repulsive." As for the *Handbook*, it was loaded with RSI; a Baptist minister said he used it in counseling his flock, and let his 14-year-old daughter read it as well; the psychiatrist, Dr. Albert Ellis, said it makes "a distinctly valuable contribution to sexual knowledge"; and others thought it useful as an educational tool.

The government, in the person of an assistant solicitor general in a swallow-tail coat, was hard put to rebut Ginzburg's case. Clearly, the United States does not want to be beastly about freedom of the press. It said that while some parts of *Eros* and *Liaison* had RSI, other parts did not, and the publications need not be considered as integrated wholes. As for the *Handbook*, it had plenty of PO, some BDA, and not much RSI.

Chief Justice Warren looked perplexed. Who was to determine whether the publications had RSI? The nine clean old men, the government suggested. "Do

you think the final burden of reading these works and determining their social value rests on this court?" Warren asked. The government thought it did. "If so, we are in trouble," Warren sighed.

Next to be heard was *Mishkin*, a gentleman sentenced to three years in jail and a \$12,000 fine for publishing, possessing (for sale and distribution) and employing others to do the same—72 titles of books involving sadism and masochism. Edward Mishkin's lawyer argued three main points: sadism and masochism are not constitutionally "obscene" topics (although a 1956 addition to the New York Penal Code would have them so), the terms themselves are so vague as to provide no legal definition, and Mr. Mishkin could not have known that the books he was publishing fell outside the constitutional protection of free speech and press.

The New York State lawyer relied heavily on the content of the works themselves, which he assumed the Court would find revolting. No one claimed they had very much RSI. They had BDA (although perhaps only to the prurient interest of a very few), and they had PO for everyone else.

Now sado-masochism is not in itself a dull topic, but halfway through the argument the audience began to yawn. Perhaps it was the style of the New York State lawyer: "I hope that I may launch the first stage of my argument . . ." he began. Things did not pick up after that. "Offensiveness has to be a positive negative," he said at one point. Later, in response to a ques-

tion, he allowed that national standards of morality would not be difficult to determine because state courts were struggling with local community standards, which were difficult enough. How was that again?

In the dying minutes of the session, *Mishkin* stepped down and *Fanny Hill* bounced up. She had been banned in Boston (and the state of Massachusetts). Her defender was in fine form, with the memories of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, et al at hand. She had all the RSI in the world.

As *Fanny's* lawyer finished, the Court rose and disappeared behind velvet curtains. Those who had expected titillation were disappointed. Unlike the *Lady Chatterley* trial in England some years ago, there were no dirty words, no selected readings of "good passages." It was the triumph of Reason over Passion.

Although they did not say so, most of the lawyers there knew that the *Roth* tests were way-stations on the road to total abolition of obscenity sanctions (some accompanying briefs suggested as much). In the meantime, courts had to struggle with social-scientific scales of values and Freudian hearsay evidence; the briefs were full of it. At length, one lawyer had suggested that he, personally, believed no book was without RSI—the importance lay in its mere publication. Someone else had remembered Kenneth Tynan's comment (after the *Chatterley* trial) that literature might stimulate the sexual appetite as well as any other; no one bans Zola for his lustful descriptions of dinners.

ANDREW KOPKIND

President Frei and the Copper Goose

A year ago, President Frei of Chile told his people that the best Christmas gift he could offer them would be an agreement, if the legislature approved, to put the country into partnership with the foreign companies mining and producing copper in Chile. The partnership was neither a concealed way of threatening expropriation, nor a vaporous "working partnership" of the kind that Secretary Fowler is now pushing at American businessmen. It was a carefully considered proposal that Chile should buy in to the copper companies with their consent, and the understanding that the capital thus supplied would be used to expand copper production for the greater good of all. The plan looked good to the companies, to the international banking circles that had been consulted, and to Frei's hardheaded experts.

Nevertheless, it has taken the Chilean legislature the better part of a year to agree, first, to the general idea

of a partnership, and second, to the details of this particular attempt to "Chileanize" the copper industry. At the last moment, the unions went on strike against certain clauses, and Frei apparently won them back only after promising them 25 percent of the expected profits. Until the copper bill is finally signed and published, much of the detail remains hazy.

This "Chileanization" scheme stems in part from certain "Mexicanization" practices that are said to be responsible for the improvement in the Mexican economy and the Mexican frame of mind over the last decade. Both names express a growing determination on the part of certain Latin American countries to take a responsible and competent hand in developing their own economic affairs. Both offer a far better basis for solid and profitable relationships between North American extractive industries and the Latin American na-

tions in which they operate than do the older ways of exploitation followed by expropriation.

Chile used to be first among copper-producing countries, then she lost that title to the United States. Under the new plan, which looks to great expansion of both production and refining, she hopes to regain her pre-eminence. Few of her mines are now owned by Chileans. Most of the capital and the enterprise have been furnished by three companies based in the United States: Anaconda, Cerro and Kennecott.

As the plan was set up, Chile is to purchase a 25 percent interest in new mining subsidiaries of the first two of those companies, under varying circumstances and for specific steps in the development of their properties. The third of these, Kennecott, owns the Braden Company, which in turn developed a famous mine called El Teniente. At present, this mine produces about 40 percent of Chile's copper (180,000 tons a year) and plans almost to double this amount under the new scheme. The Braden Company will then become a Chilean corporation, the Sociedad Minera El Teniente S.A., of which Chile will own 51 percent and Kennecott 49 percent. Chile will pay Kennecott \$80 million for her 51 percent (over a period of 20 years), and Kennecott in turn will lend that \$80 million back as part of the expansion fund, into which Chile puts \$20 million. The rest of the \$200 million for which expansion plans call is to come from international lending agencies which have already been consulted.

The Kennecott-Braden situation is a special example, but the problems it includes are, in general terms, common to the Chilean copper industry. Its famous mine, El Teniente, stands 8,000 feet up in the Andes, south of Santiago. El Teniente is an "upside down" mine, with copper ore dug out at the top of a tall peak. This is dropped by gravity to cars inside the mountain, concentrated at the 7,000-foot level, swung down on wires to a smelter at the 5,000-foot level then carried by rail to the valley below. On the steep slope of that copper mountain the miners and their families perch in the wooden dormitories of a town named Sewell, built many years ago and housing 12,000 people.

Half of these are children, born in the company hospital, schooled in the town, having no level spot to play in except the floors of the mine houses and a new gymnasium which has proved so popular that it must run 18 hours a day. Otherwise, children and adults spend their lives climbing up and down the strings of steep wooden stairs that are the town's only streets.

The mine is old, famous and rich, but its problems both technical and social are stubborn. Life on the high and remote mountainside is hard. Its pressures produce various kinds of psychoses, particularly among mine wives. The company has developed a sense of social obligation toward its workers, nevertheless the fact remains that everything in the town is owned by the

company that provides the jobs and wages.

Expansion plans include not only technical changes in the mine itself, but the dismantling of this mine town, and the moving of families down to three existing centers on a lower level, where life is freer as well as easier, and mine families can take their places amid normal small-town activities.

That these miners and their families will, or will not, be happier when integrated into normal Chilean life than they are on the mountainside where everything except freedom is provided for them, may seem a small detail in the broad outlines of the copper scheme. But improvement of the miner's lot plays a part in Frei's thinking, as it did in the long debate on the copper bill. The President has said emphatically that economic improvement must go hand in hand with social improvement in his country, or the whole development process will be crippled. And miners, in a country that counts on mineral production for a large share of its income, are a key group of workers.

From the nation's point of view, the plan would double copper production (from 685,000 tons in 1964 to 1.2 million tons in 1970), increase government income, foreign exchange and employment. It will secure for Chile a voice and a part in the development of its great resource, and help to get it out of the morass of inadequate income and inflation in which it has been struggling for years. Politically, its success would cut the ground out from under such extreme nationalists as the Communists who cry daily for nationalization.

From the point of view of the companies, the advantages of the plan are less precise. The threat of expropriation hangs in the Latin American sky like a sultry cloud. The Hickenlooper amendment, and his later amendments to the amendment, are a clumsy attempt to forestall any such action by the unpleasant and undiplomatic threat of withdrawing American aid. All that this huffing and puffing does is increase the irritation which feeds it. When Chile has a stake in the ownership of those mines, the threat of expropriation may thin, and even vanish.

Meanwhile the taxes the companies pay will surely decrease. Up to now, they have been the chief good that Chile got from the mines. Now their place in the national budget will, hopefully, be taken by profits. When the agreement with Kennecott-Braden was worked out, the taxes on the Braden Company came to 80 percent. For the new Chilean corporation, the income tax rate will be 20 percent and Kennecott's overall on its Chilean earnings will be 44 percent, provided these figures have withstood legislative tinkering.

A management contract provides that the operation of the mine property remains in Kennecott hands. This should avoid political decisions on technical matters. At the same time, the expansion program is expected to make for lower unit costs as production increases,

and therefore provide for higher net earnings.

If President Frei jimmies through his highly political Congress a bill reasonably similar to the draft he introduced last year, it will be a considerable achievement. His refusal to join hands with extremists to kill the copper goose by expropriation stands as an intelligent example of executive courage. The goose should fatten under Chileanization.

If the oil companies could be persuaded to work out

similar solutions with Argentina and Peru, the reputation and the effectiveness of private enterprise would improve in Latin American eyes. So would the whole pattern of North-South relationships.

MILDRED ADAMS

MILDRED ADAMS who writes regularly for *The Economist* of London and who recently returned from Chile edited *Latin America – Evolution or Explosion?*

Status Cymbal

Not my pun. It's a department in a new magazine called *Status*, dedicated not to The Beautiful People, as in *Vogue*, or to the playfuls, as in *Playboy*, but to The Restless Ones.

People laughed, as the old ad went, when Igor Cassini announced a year ago that he planned to publish it. Things hadn't been going so well for the former Cholly Knickerbocker of the *New York Journal-American* since he was indicted in 1963 on a federal charge for failing to register as a foreign agent for the former Trujillo regime, fined \$10,000 and dropped by his paper. Even Cassini admitted that the greatest difficulty in launching a new publication – described as "a critical journal of elegance" and devoted to "people who are . . . bored with the banal, the mediocre and the common" – was the number of persons who were convinced it would never appear.

Yet here it is at 75 cents a copy, initially reported as backed by "people with famous banking names who do not care to be identified," by an Italian weekly called *Le Ore* (which in turn is financed by a Swiss banking interest called the Golden Arrow, S.A.), and printed and distributed by the Curtis Publishing Company. It is not only on expensive slick paper, 100 pages thick and with many color reproductions, but graced, if that is the word, by such names as Alberto Moravia, William Saroyan, Salvador Dali, Joseph Wechsberg, Nat Hentoff and others who might be expected to have sufficient – and preferred – alternative outlets.

But what gives the magazine its real, its unique, cachet is the writing of Mr. Cassini himself, which has to be read not to be believed.

In the November issue, after stating that *Status* has "spliced together a gay nosegay – with serious overtones," the editor and publisher invites us to join in the game of In and Out: "Played like one, but the end of the game suggests the staggering importance of the stakes . . . of vital importance to us all. . . ." After telling us that pop art refrigerators are *in* and Lady Bird Johnson is *out*, he amplified his philosophy by

saying that although this is a "fun game which any number can play, destroying and creating people and things on a month-to-month basis" it is actually "playing for the future structure of our society." "We all need status symbols for our ultimate security, but J. Pierpont Morgan and his yacht *Corsair* just don't do it for us any more."

What *does* is to know that Thanksgiving and Chastity (virginity) are In ("*Status* feels it is not necessary for a woman to sleep around"); that Thomas Wolfe and credit cards are Out, and that "real pearls in the navel are In." So is something called Merkin-makers.

As for The Restless Ones, there are three pages of them, snapshots above, inimitable Cassini prose below. Here we learn that *Status*' Paris correspondent, Cynthia Grenier, has just signed a contract with Pocket Books on nudity ("she is expected to draw on her experiences as a *Playboy* correspondent"); that one of the men heiress Barbara Hutton *didn't* marry will shortly be in New York, leaving behind the \$75,000 villa that his wife Penny (you know, the monocled George Ansley's daughter) bought; and that an enterprising young Dutchman called Shippers has prepared a program of smells, the "first of its kind in the world." 10 a.m. Orange. 11 a.m. Pencils.

But *Status* can be even more serious. It can propose a successor to fashion model Shrimpton, and present Dali's observations, among other startling insights, that a rhinoceros' behind is "nothing short of a sunflower folded double."

It prints serious recipes and serious reviews of the cultural scene, serious photographs, and in this particular issue, a perfectly good piece by Paul Gardner on what's wrong with television documentaries. Half of the magazine could be part of any fashionable glossy on the newsstands.

But not Cassini. He makes all the difference. Whether there are enough Restless Ones around to appreciate this bonus should determine how long *Status* will be around . . . or Out.

MARYA MANNES

THOUGHTS OF THE YOUNG RADICALS

In Northern slums, Southern towns and on university campuses, a new sort of political style and thought has emerged – romantic yet pragmatic, opposed to bureaucracy but not to socialism, peace-minded though rarely pacifist, non-Communist but anti-Cold War. The New Republic has invited a number of these “new radicals” to say what they think, responding in particular to four questions: (1) Do you think that a “consensus” is now operating in the United States favorable to social progress (material, cultural, moral)? If not, why not? (2) Where, precisely, do you think our society has gone wrong, and with what portents for the future? (3) What is your prescription? (4) What hopeful developments do you see around you or around the corner? This is the first in a series of personal statements to be published in these pages.

Whose Society Is This?

by Charlie Cobb

If I were trying to run things my way, I would do everything that I could to teach everybody that they were not able to run things like me. I would teach that to build something else meant that whoever wanted to do it would have to become like me. I would finally teach that I was the only person who knew enough to make other people like me. If I could manage all that, I wouldn't have to let people know that they were slaves. It would be very important that the slavery I imposed be couched in my definition of freedom, and remain unseen in order that rebellion remained stifled, and my control intact.

Often, white Southerners of varying attitudes toward the Negro – from the “racial moderate” to the most blatant of racists – say: “We understand our Negroes.” This implicitly means that “we can therefore outline the responsible boundaries of their aspirations.” Couple this with the fact that they have the authority and legitimacy to impose their “understanding” at all levels of their Southern way of life, and it demonstrates a kind of racial and geographical consensus as to where and how the problems raised by the Southern civil rights struggle should be handled.

Central to this consensus is that Negroes are not included except on terms defined by these people (look at the failure of so many biracial committees, or appointed Negro “leaders,” and the concept of “white folks’ business”).

The racial moderate feels that Negroes cannot be

CHARLIE COBB is working in Mississippi with the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee. He is 22 and attended Howard University for one year.

included in this consensus because they are not yet “ready,” or that immediate and across-the-board inclusion of Negroes in this consensus about the shape and direction of the South, would be too disruptive to the framework of Southern society that they have already constructed. The overt racist feels that Negroes are inherently unable to move into, and function within, whatever existing construction of society they along with the racial moderate have built. Both positions deny any complete or immediate feeling of common humanity with the Negro and reinforce slavery by designating as illegitimate and disruptive, motion geared toward a more complete human freedom in which their control (as expressed through the consensus they control) would be minimized. Both positions are couched within explanations as to what's good for the “realistic” progress of the South and human freedom for the Negro. Freedom as we articulate it in this country becomes peculiarly absurd from this perspective of exclusion and certainly very narrowly conceived.

Negroes are told that they can have “what's rightfully yours,” on the condition that they do not take what's rightfully white. For example, while within the narrow consensus that exists in the South in regard to the Negro there might be general agreement as to the miserable conditions of sharecroppers, the boundaries for their dealing with the problem seem laid out along two lines:

The land belongs to the plantation owner, and consequently sharecroppers cannot decide to use the land in other ways.

Strikes hurt the sharecroppers as they are not needed

anyway and are kept on the land through the goodness of the plantation owner.

In fact, this means that the needs of the sharecropper as defined by the sharecropper, must meet the "interests" of the landowners; for consider the implications of the big landowners no longer being able to control how the land they claim to own is to be used.

So, when sharecroppers strike against their miserable conditions, they usually do so within the framework of the narrow consensus that exists about the land, and as long as they move within that framework, they will be defeated. After all, the landowner doesn't need them to do what he intends to do with the land (about 30,000 workers used in the cotton fields this year, only about 8-10,000 expected to be used next year). Mechanization. The landowner is so upset at the challenge the strikers make to his "goodness," that he expels them into an even more complex society that doesn't need them either, because of what it is geared to do. What "qualifications" do the sharecroppers have (education, economic influence, etc.) to suggest that their needs (making a living, not being given a subsistence) be met? Where is their authority to command the resources that exist in this country? Whatever authority they have as human beings seems to get lost in state/national priorities and responsibilities, and they are excluded from whatever decides these, for they do not "know" enough.

Need for "Social Progress"

Is there a consensus in this country favorable to social progress? Drawing from my Southern experience, part of which has been sketched out in the preceding paragraphs, the need for "social progress" seems only considered in terms of "the direction the country must go," and as is particularly the case with the Vietnam war, most people are not considered qualified to exercise any real influence over that direction.

If "social progress" is now happening in terms of what the country needs, then we have to look at who in fact can determine "what the country needs." It certainly is not the people who live geographically within the borders of something called the USA, but more a set of interests that belong to a very few. So, as in the South, where the important thing in regard to a meaningful political franchise for Negroes lies in dealing with the factors that give white people the authority to teach, and enforce the concept of voting as "white folks' business," in the nation we have to deal with the factors that allow *some people* the right to define America for most people. For if President Johnson decides to end the war in Vietnam tomorrow (for *his* reasons even if they are in response to demonstrations) and still has the authority and legitimacy in the eyes of the people in this country to start another one for "freedom

and democracy," we are still in trouble.

How do we begin to deal with this? Perhaps we could frame a set of general questions:

What kinds of things could people decide about if they weren't afraid to decide and taught not to decide?

If people started deciding about these things, could they implement their decisions? If not, why not?

If everybody started deciding about things that were usually decided for them, would things be done differently? Why?

What about the people who usually decide things for people? What do you think they would think and say and do, if everybody started deciding about the things they usually decide about? Why?

Raise these questions with most anybody, and he will say "we can't, it's not practical," or "we don't know enough"; which is exactly right from the standpoint of what we have been taught the country has to be; and exactly wrong in terms of any kind of real participation by people in shaping the direction of this country. Not "practical," for who receives all the information that the government receives about Vietnam? Certainly not me, except in terms of what the government has decided is "practical" for me to know and do. What information does the government have to fill the gaps of my confusion over what moves Negroes, and white racists, to fight for "freedom" in Vietnam, and yet fight so over "freedom" in the USA?

The government is the government, and the people of this country have been taught to be responsible to the government, which will get around to dealing with the people when "practical." Until then, the people have to be patient (\$2 million a day in Vietnam). You know, like the Negroes and their equal rights. Otherwise, the government will be disrupted, which would threaten the "national security," which would put our government's (substitute country's) freedom in jeopardy.

I have become afraid of this concept (and reality) of what America is. It conflicts with what I am. I am not the government! Because of my illegitimacy (as far as having any influence over what the government is to do *in my name*), I am being destroyed in this conflict. And I raise in the light of that destruction: what are the implications for other people? But then, I am black, so I may not be people.

What am I to do?

Work, but I demand that it be mine.

Somehow, I have to shake free enough to determine and do a work that is mine. For determining and doing a work that is mine, implies living a life that is mine; a living that only I can make if it is to be mine. The living that I must do, cannot be given to me in any sense, unless I am willing to accept the terms of the giver. I have found space to do that in the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, and in that sense,

participate in what SNCC is to be, since it is people doing work. The fact of the organization, SNCC, provides a visibility to other people doing this kind of work, which is key to sustaining me through day-to-day resistance and pressure to stop (after all, things are opening up for "qualified Negroes"). I suspect that the extension of this kind of working lies in this visibility that sustains the individual, and gives him the strength to continue to try and touch other people.

Hope and change (for people, they are intimately connected) lie in what can be built by people on their own terms (not taught terms), and sustained. For even as the "niggers been kept in their place," so have people. The "order" of the country is based on people being taught to relinquish the right to order their own lives. The claiming of this right is disorderly; disorder which has to be, if real order is to happen.

Finally, a poem:

*People caught
by controls taut
(also taught)
sometimes fought*

*Lives snatched
never caught
lost, gone
ripped, torn
at times reborn*

*To be hounded
and pounded
over cries sounded
sometimes heard.*

Postscript: A Moderately Great Society

It is pretty difficult to come out against greatness. Nobody wants to be thought small, or petty, or narrow.

I would not have the nerve, therefore, to come out against the Great Society. Nevertheless, between the great and the grandiose is a hair's breadth. It is an invisible boundary that can be passed over without noticing it.

The man or the society, however, that passes over it is on the road to destruction, for grandiosity is greatness without realism, without tenderness, without sensitivity, and it produces a frame of mind that eventually becomes deaf to the ominous messages of the real world. I believe the United States is frighteningly close to this boundary, a Rubicon that Caesar crossed, Napoleon crossed, Hitler crossed, and from which there is no return save through disaster. Whether we have crossed this boundary, I do not know.

It is, of course, our image of ourselves not only as a great power but as *the* great power that is at the root of all our grandiosity. Can't we have a Moderately Great Society? One lesson of history is that nothing fails like success, for the successful do not have to learn anything.

By almost all the world's standards, the United States is an inconceivable success. We have attributed this largely to our virtue and good management, not wholly without reason, but a certain amount of it is due to luck – the fact, for instance, that we have so often done the right thing for the wrong reasons.

What is dangerous, however, is that because of our

success it is hard for us to learn that we may be operating with an image of the world that has in fact passed away. The conditions of success in the future are not the same as the conditions in the past. What we do not understand, and seem almost incapable of learning, is that in the long run, legitimacy is much more important for survival than either wealth or military power; and that though up to a point, wealth and military power create legitimacy, beyond a certain point, they destroy it.

It was Stalin at Yalta, we may remember, who sneered at the Pope for having no divisions, but Stalin's divisions did not save his good name for posterity or his monstrous statues from destruction, while St. Peter's still stands.

In the international arena, then, the United States has delusions of grandeur. We spend \$50 billion a year to impose our will on the world and we find that we are impotent in Vietnam because we have no legitimacy.

Even if our napalm and airborne terror produce "victory," the damage done to our moral image is enormous, for we have become a monster. Our wealth and military power produce affability on the world's face and curses in its heart. We are incapable of organizing the world in our own image, and in the course of trying to do this, we are destroying ourselves.

The military-industrial complex is eating the heart out of American life and seriously reducing – perhaps in the long run fatally – its potential for economic progress. In the 1950's, for instance, there were 45 countries

that had a higher rate of growth in per capita income than the United States.

Because we are grandiose on the international scene, our perfectly sincere motivations toward producing a Great Society at home are all too likely to be frustrated. I can only sketch the points of failure.

Our agricultural policy, while it has produced a spectacular technological success, has failed to develop the social inventions needed to make the necessary adjustment to this success, and we find ourselves with uncontrollable surpluses. We ship these abroad under the benevolent title of Food for Peace and create cumulative dependency and the probability of future disasters and famines of enormous magnitude. Already our barns are half empty and surplus may give way to shortage.

Our flood control policies actually increase the probability of loss both of life and of property from floods because we treat rivers as physical systems and enemies instead of as social systems and dangerous friends. Our public housing creates desert communities, filing cases for live bodies, alienation and delinquency. Urban renewal tackles the problem of slums by pushing little people in little houses around and moving the rich and middle class into the central city and the slums outside. If we are not careful, indeed, the bulldozer will become the symbol of the Great Society.

Our educational system, in spite of recent improvements, is still shockingly inadequate and is still produc-

ing far too many people who are functionally illiterate and incapable of taking their place in the modern world. Our architecture is an assembly line of imported rectangular clichés. Our airports are clearly designed without human beings in mind, and our automobiles are designed to kill 40,000 or 50,000 people a year. Our civilian industries are technologically backward, our railroads are a national disgrace, television is a wasteland and we cannot even control the Dutch elm beetle.

By this time, I am sure, I have lost all my friends, most of whom are in the Vital Center, or what I am now tempted to call the Devitalized Consensus. "Just give us time," they will say. "Our hearts are in the right place. We are very busy solving all these problems, and pretty soon they will all be solved."

The Vietnamese will all be dead, the slums will be cemented over and the poor will no longer be with us. If there are any left, they will be against us.

I am an ingrate, a curmudgeon. There goes the bus to the Great Society, with a brass band on the top and a missile at the rear, and I seem to have fallen off and am just throwing up quietly on the sidewalk.

KENNETH E. BOULDING
© *The Washington Post*

MR. BOULDING is professor of economics at the University of Michigan and author of *The Organizational Revolution* and many other books.

Don't Expect de Gaulle To Change

by Michel Gordey

Paris

After his reelection in the run-off on December 19, Charles de Gaulle's "foreign policy of independence" will remain basically the same. The Western facet of his diplomacy will be the growing strain on the Atlantic Alliance, the dangerous crisis of the Common Market and the loosening of French ties with Bonn. The rapprochement with Moscow and the Soviet-bloc countries, the cultivation of his good relations with Peking will be carried on in the East – to an extent. The special position of France toward Japan and the underdeveloped countries of Asia, Africa and Latin America, will be used as another tool for raising the status – or, as the Gaullists prefer to call it – the prestige of France.

However, future French foreign policy may be influenced, in a negative or positive way, by the short but violent election campaign. At long last, de Gaulle may

take into consideration new trends of French public opinion which he has hitherto disregarded.

To everybody's – including the General's – surprise, foreign policy played a major role in the weeks preceding the Presidential election. As recently as six months ago, the vast majority did not care about their government's diplomatic games. In 1964, only one-quarter of the population considered foreign policy a matter of prime importance. "Let the Old Man take care of it," most of them thought. And the Old Man did, in his own unique way, with sudden turnabouts, far-fetched statements about the far-off future, and with surprising short-range decisions, made in such a way that even his most trusted associates and ministers never knew beforehand what was going to happen. The government-controlled television and radio fed a steady diet of news,

comments and features stressing the success and respect enjoyed abroad by French diplomacy. "*Le Grand Charles*" knew how to play up to the nationalistic tendencies of his countrymen. In return, they gave him free rein to go about his policy of grandeur as he pleased. Misinformed about foreign reactions, the French slept well in the belief that their country was now universally respected, liked and admired.

The election campaign brought a rude awakening. It had started at the end of June, 1965, with the sudden crisis of the Common Market, provoked mostly by the uncompromising attitude of Paris. Farmers, businessmen, and all those earning their living from trade with the five other EEC countries, started to worry about their present and past investments as well as about their future incomes. Simultaneously, last summer the steady worsening of relations with America and West Germany was not counterbalanced by the seemingly "good standing" and new friendships of the General in the Communist and underdeveloped countries. There was a creeping feeling of isolation. People talked about it during the summer vacation but the official TV and radio kept telling them: "Everything is all right."

Then, suddenly, between November 19 and December 3, de Gaulle's opponents at last had the opportunity to use freely, for the first time in seven years, the tightly controlled and directed government TV and radio facilities. The French body politic experienced what the American, British, West German voters had known for a long time: the enormous impact of the electronic mass media on a national election. A real psychological explosion occurred during those two weeks. The opposition came in, shattering a long period of apathy and lack of information, like a political supersonic "bang." At first, the public was startled, then greatly interested. For two weeks de Gaulle's opponents had top ratings on TV and radio peak hours. And one of their main areas of attack against the General was foreign policy (the others being bad housing, insufficient school and education efforts, heavy taxes).

The General had decided almost to disregard the campaign, by announcing his decision to run again at the last minute and then letting the opposition "bore their audience to switching off their sets." But the three main contenders for the Elysée Palace – François Mitterand on the left, Jean Lecanuet for the center and Jean Louis Tixier Vignancour on the extreme right – kept hammering away with well-documented criticism, all three accusing de Gaulle of destroying the hopes of European Union and of shattering the Western Alliance. As public opinion polls reported a fast and steady decline of the General's popularity, they also noticed that the controversial issue of Europe had played a big

part in this downward trend.

Reversing his plans, de Gaulle went on the air and restated, in rather harsh terms, the main targets of his foreign policy. Once again, he refused any "subordination" to America which would be "unworthy of France and could, in certain cases, throw her automatically into conflicts unwanted by her." He also reaffirmed his opposition to any degree of integration in Europe and stuck by his independent nuclear force, which the opposition had tried to ridicule. But his statements failed to reverse the trend. The huge TV and radio audiences had heard the other side. They did not run back to the General in great numbers. During those two weeks what had been called the Elysée's "reserved domain" (mostly foreign policy) had been opened to debate.

Nevertheless, under heavy attack, the General did not retreat one inch from the main lines of his diplomacy. In a summary form, they are the following:

1. *United States* – The almost constant criticism of "American hegemony" in the military, political and economic fields is the basis of de Gaulle's private foreign policy. In times of serious international tension with threats of war (Berlin and Cuba) he remains, as he says, "the ally of our allies," if only because he knows that he needs American nuclear protection. But when he believes that there is no danger of a local, far-off conflict spreading into a global holocaust, he takes an aloof position toward Washington. Such is the case in Vietnam, Laos, the Congo and Santo Domingo. As do many others in Europe, de Gaulle believes that we have now entered a period of long peace on a worldwide scale, that Moscow does not plan any nuclear or conventional attack on Western Europe, and that therefore the weight of American influence on the Old Continent should be removed. Consequently, he is trying to weaken the US hold on Europe by his "salami tactics" within NATO. He has publicly threatened to quit the Atlantic Alliance by 1969 and has called the military integration of the West an unacceptable "subordination." He wants to replace present arrangements by bilateral defense agreements with the United States, an alternative thus far rejected by Washington. It is possible that in 1966 de Gaulle will finally put forward his long-expected plans for the reorganization of the Atlantic Pact. They will be incompatible not only with the ideas of Washington, but also with those of the other members of the alliance. Meanwhile, French diplomatic action in the Near East, in Asia, in Latin America and Africa takes a more and more independent course. Independent, that is, from America.

2. *Western Europe* – When he came back to power in 1958, de Gaulle already saw himself as the predestined leader and spokesman of at least the "Little Europe of the Six" if not of all Western Europe. He first

MICHEL GORDEY is a well-known French journalist who specializes in political analysis.

tried to get from Washington and London the appointment of France to a three-power directorate of the West. Having been turned down, he decided that under his leadership Western Europe (with the exception of Britain) would be a sort of Third Force contributing to the "equilibrium"—another favorite Gaullist term—between the "two hegemonies" (US and USSR). He then discovered that the West European countries did not need nor want his guidance. De Gaulle's last attempt to strengthen his hand was the treaty of friendship he signed with Chancellor Konrad Adenauer, thereby trying to bind West Germany to his chariot. But in thus offering Bonn an impossible choice between Washington and Paris, the General soon found out that the old Chancellor's successors would not loosen their ties with the United States. Inadvertently, he had raised West Germany's bargaining power in the alliance, but he had done more than that. He had made real to a certain extent the nightmare of French diplomacy by promoting indirectly a growing special relationship between Germany and America. For all practical purposes the French-German treaty of friendship is a dead duck. At the same time, his adamant defense of French interests within the Common Market created a sort of united front of the five other members of the organization against France. Though some technical compromises may still be found to stop the present paralysis of the Common Market, the General's theory of "a Europe of the fatherlands"—the refusal of any degree of integration—is working precisely against his vision of Europe's future role. The relatively small economic and military weight of France alone, and de Gaulle's stubborn determination to keep his hands free even in Europe, shatter all dreams of a united Europe. It is precisely this self-created predicament which French public opinion has finally grasped and is so much worried about. For the time being, France's "road to Europe" seems to be blocked. And so the General has been lately promoting a new "Great Design": a "European Europe," the drawing in of Eastern Europe, again under French guidance, into the divided Old Continent.

3. *The Soviet Bloc* — In 1964 and '65, the number of ministerial visits, diplomatic contacts, trade and cultural agreements between Paris, Moscow and other East European Communist capitals grew while French propaganda played up the new "rapprochement with the East." In 1966, de Gaulle may go on a long-expected state visit to the Soviet Union, perhaps stopping off in Warsaw. Both de Gaulle and the Soviet leaders want to intimidate Bonn and have some common objectives about West Germany, such as blocking a German share in nuclear armaments and strategy. This fear is shared by the overwhelming majority of the French people and by almost all European countries — West and East. In that respect, the General's independent policy is meet-

ing with approval in many more sectors than Washington seems to realize. The French effort at closer cooperation with Warsaw, Bucharest, Budapest, Prague and Sofia is also going in the direction of a détente, which the United States would probably have tried to pursue if it had not been for the war in Vietnam. Even de Gaulle's long-range idea of trying to solve the German problem with the cooperation of all European countries, both from the Western Alliance and from the Soviet bloc, could be sound. However, up to now, the lonely road that the General has chosen to travel has not brought him any real political profit. French trade with Eastern Europe has risen, but so has West Germany's (in spite of Bonn's bad relations with the East). Rumors of a French-Soviet treaty of friendship or alliance are to be discounted: they merely serve the purpose of bringing pressure on West Germany and letting America too know that Paris could go that far. In fact, the Russians themselves only use their flirtation with Paris as a divisive weapon against the Western Alliance and as a blackmailing instrument against the Federal Republic. Moscow knows that a real détente can be had only in Washington, not in Paris.

At the same time, de Gaulle's public utterances about the growing role of national traditions in Eastern Europe could hardly please the Kremlin. Finally, the General's well-known prediction that one day China will take away from the Soviet Union all her Asian territories certainly has not been received by the Soviet leaders with enthusiasm. Here again, Gaullist diplomacy is making "interesting noises" without visible concrete achievements. However, the policy of "friendship with the East" probably gave the General thousands of Communist votes in the election.

4. *China* — When de Gaulle recognized the Peking government last year he not only made headlines but raised hopes that France could contribute to solving some problems in Asia, such as the Vietnam conflict. Nothing of the kind has happened. Paris has been unable to play the "angel of peace" in Southeast Asia or on the Indian subcontinent. France has acquired a listening post in Communist China, but when questioned about future developments of French-Chinese relations, Gaullist diplomats speak in very vague terms. Only in their opposition to the nuclear test ban treaty, and to non-proliferation of atomic weapons, is there a common policy between Paris and Peking. And that was true before the General recognized Communist China.

5. *Nuclear Policy* — One of the mainstays of the General's diplomacy is the steady buildup of the French independent nuclear force. It is also one of the main causes of worsening relations with Washington. In the recent campaign, the opposition talked a lot about contributing French nuclear weapons to a European force.

De Gaulle has never indicated any desire to do so. It is to be expected that under his rule the testing of French H-bombs in the Pacific and the building of independent French nuclear vehicles – and not only supersonic planes – will go on. The General considers that these are vital to national defense. He also thinks – and says – that France's nuclear armament, even small, is a sign of status and a tool in dealing with the "two hegemonomies." French public opinion is more and more hesitant about the huge amount of money that is being spent in this field.

6. *The Third World* – The end of the war in Algeria and the "decolonization" without bloodshed of the French African colonies, are certainly among de Gaulle's great achievements. They have brought him growing admiration and popularity in Asia, Africa and Latin America. He makes a great point of traveling to some of these countries, and receiving their leaders in Paris.

With the limited economic and financial potential of his country, de Gaulle cannot back up his policies with great resources, except in former French Africa. If he wanted to cooperate with other Western countries in launching a common effort on the three continents, he would probably achieve great personal success. But once again his unshakable ideas about the "exclusive national interests of France" prevent his going that way.

In the coming years, what will de Gaulle do with his foreign policy? Nobody, including his Prime Minister or his Foreign Minister, purports to know what is on his mind. Considering his temper, he should go on in the same directions and with the same methods as before. Men do not change at the age of 75. However, being very sensitive to popular trends, he may draw his lessons from the public debates during the campaign and soften his position on some issues in Europe. This is a very optimistic view, shared by only a few "Elyséeologists," and not by me.

Laughter at the Waldorf

The very little journalistic attention last week's convention of the National Association of Manufacturers at the Waldorf attracted was languidly focused on whether the President's honeymoon with business is over. The question did not survive the first day's proceedings. The honeymoon is at an end; this is a marriage.

The NAM's new mood was defined tangibly by the appearance of Secretary of the Treasury Henry H. Fowler as the honored guest at its Thursday luncheon. He was introduced by Dillard H. Munford, chairman of the Atlantic Company and an NAM director.

This was, Munford said, "a real particular honor." Secretary Fowler had begun his working life, he went on, as an assistant general counsel for the Tennessee Valley Authority and "had argued the case for that program which established its constitutionality before the Supreme Court." Secretary Fowler had then gone on to be chief counsel to the Senate Committee on Education and Labor.

Having invoked as compliments the names of those government institutions which the NAM had never before pronounced except as epithets, Director Munford moved on to present Secretary Fowler as commander of "the most capable Treasury machine in decades." This judgment, erasing all memory of George Humphrey, Secretary of the Treasury, 1953-57, and former director of the NAM, was followed by rising applause for Henry Fowler, TVA architect.

But one can define a private institution's attitude toward authority not just in the way it receives the rep-

resentative of authority but in the spokesman it accepts to stand for the opposition to authority.

Senate Minority Leader Dirksen was the NAM's choice to report on the state of the Republican resistance; it was Dirksen's final appearance in a three-day visit to the Waldorf to report to the various landowners whose Washington steward he is – the National Industrial Conference Board, the Tax Foundation and now the NAM.

The NAM had thought that the old man would be touched if the "Melody Maids," choral group from his former Pekin, Ill., high school, were flown in to sing for him. His first response conveyed only an overwhelming sadness at the thought of these young girls in flower growing old and withering in the foul air of Pekin, from which he would have fled to be a shoe salesman, let alone a Congressman. Still, Mr. Dirksen is a kind man; when the girls had finished, he applauded their performance of a song whose refrain was "a little bit of sugar / helps the medicine go down," then arose to report on the sack and pillage of the business community by the first session of the 89th Congress of the United States.

The national debt, Senator Dirksen said, is now \$320 billion:

"Just think, a child is born in Bellevue this morning and an angelic mother looks down with eyes that cannot be painted and says, 'You blessed creature, your share of the public debt is \$1,500'."

NAM delegates can no longer ask for the prophecy

of Jeremiah unless it is delivered in the manner of W. C. Fields.

"Just think," the old artificer went on, "16,000 bills were introduced in the last session of Congress. You lucky people. Only a fraction got on the statute books. You don't know how lucky you were."

And then the presidents of the corporations, their wives and their junior assistants began to laugh. Something has happened to the NAM. The national debt gets laughs at its conventions. Not four years ago these same delegates used to shudder when the same statistics were crôaked to them by Harry Flood Byrd. But Senator Byrd is the raven. In the America of Lyndon B. Johnson, there is no longer a roost for the raven; even the National Association of Manufacturers will listen only to the mocking bird, whose ultimately refined expression is Everett McKinley Dirksen.

The point of Steward Dirksen's message to his principals, after all, is that rape long endured eventually becomes enjoyable. The response he evokes is laughter, which is impossible in those who feel themselves victims and natural only to those who know themselves co-conspirators. Senator Dirksen had only one victory to report: he had succeeded in denying to the AFL-CIO the abolition of the state right-to-work laws, which means in fact that George Meany will not have his license to collect dues from the closed shop.

Now, the ordinary NAM delegate has long since ceased to function in an economic society where he is safe from the power and his employees free of the dues of compulsory unionism. Still the issue remains immensely important to these people, because its resolution defines whose face has been preserved. Our system by now operates on licensed monopolies. In such a situation, the denial of anyone's licensed monopoly becomes an index of his position. George Meany has been denied his license; he has therefore been denied the illusion of power. In the same spirit, the NAM, which was furious at President Kennedy for his victory over the steel price increase, was silent and entirely respectful about President Johnson's victory over the aluminum price increase. The difference was that Mr. Kennedy paid no attention and Mr. Johnson paid every attention to industry's face. Mr. Kennedy fought the steel companies in the open; Mr. Johnson fought the aluminum companies in private and in disguise.

Ever since the 'thirties, power in the NAM used to center in the middle-sized companies, whose presidents were those pleasant, slightly-dotty old men. Most of them are gone now; they have been replaced by representatives of the major corporations whose biggest customer is government, which, as the biggest customer, has a claim to be if not always, at least often enough, right.

Mr. Gudderson, NAM's new permanent president, came there from the General Dynamics Corporation, a

company which was organized on the basis of confidence in the favor of government. The new NAM is also described in Thomas Mechling, its recently-appointed director of information and a discovery of Thomas B. Watson, Junior. Mechling is best remembered for his lonely struggle as a liberal Democrat against the late Senator Pat McCarran in Nevada.

In times not long ago, a journalist capable of being manic about free enterprise and depressive about Communism could make \$1,000 braying to the NAM on any afternoon; but now he has been displaced by the euphoric amateur, a type which comes only for the chance to tell an audience its duties rather than its rights. And so the NAM endured a whole morning being lectured by Laurance Rockefeller on the sin of polluting the waterways and being charmingly instructed by Mrs. Norman Chandler, the titaness of the Los Angeles Music Center, in how she shakes their kind down for cultural projects. The delegates, being trained to docility by now, took notes on what Mrs. Chandler said as carefully as they used to on Meryle Rukeyser. The average delegate could have come to the Waldorf and expected less damage to his sensibilities if he had invited his daughter to come down from Sarah Lawrence for lunch.

The final panel of the convention was made up of student leaders invited to talk about the ferment on the campus. They were extremely polite young people; but their message was no less disturbing for that. Its essence was that, at the very moment when the NAM had decided that Mr. Johnson hadn't gone too far after all, its juniors were outraged that he hadn't gone far enough. And oddly enough, it fell to Jeffrey Greenfield of the Yale Law School to utter the only criticism of the new, enlisted NAM to be heard all week.

"If you were listening," he said, "you might find that the Students for a Democratic Society and the NAM were in part saying the same thing. . . . I had thought that this organization spent much of its time warning of the consequences of a too-powerful central authority for a system in which the individual is the supreme concern.

"Perhaps many of you have changed your mind, under the guiding hand of Consensus and Cost plus Six percent; perhaps the GNP has erased your concern for what might happen to people when they are no longer responsible for themselves. The student rebel, however, believes in democracy, not just in free speech, but in bringing into the political process all those left out by poverty, bigotry and technology. . . . Call that radical if you will. I prefer to regard this as a belief in the dignity of man; a belief I hope many of you still may share."

The delegates warmly applauded this expression of the pieties they had abandoned.

MURRAY KEMPTON

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

The Feminine Touch

by Eleanor Dienstag

When the 1840 World Anti-Slavery Convention refused to admit a group of American women delegates, the expelled females concluded that the question of emancipation was not limited to the Negro, and quickly convened the first Woman's Rights Convention, in Seneca, New York. That the ladies' revolution preceded the civil rights movement may have been due, in part,

Monstrous Regiment
by David Mitchell
(Macmillan; \$7.95)

to the splendidly eccentric character of its leaders, and nowhere, of course, does eccentricity thrive better than in England. Mr. Mitchell's vivid book, *Monstrous Regiment*, is about an entire generation of odd English feminists – at best, unusual, at worst, crazy – who sprung to national attention just before or during the First World War.

Though he is not as brilliant or witty a stylist as the late J. Christopher Herold, whose *Love In Five Temperaments*, though a minor work, was a triumph of portraiture, Mr. Mitchell's sketches of these roughly two-dozen women are often moving, sometimes hilarious. An amazing group they were. The kind whose physical vigor, daring, courage and intelligence make Lady Bird's "women-doer's" (a loathsome phrase) seem like a fragile bunch indeed. And the nuttier they were, the warmer and more impassioned Mr. Mitchell becomes when describing their exploits.

Of them all, I think my two favorites are Flora Sandes and Mrs. St. Clair Stobart, with Lady Isabella St. John – who in five days illegally traveled to and from the French front to disprove the rumor that her son was dead, found him very much alive and, to her puzzlement, acutely embarrassed by her presence – running a close third.

Flora, the tomboyish daughter of a clergyman, happily volunteered, though

40 years old, as a nurse when the war began, and was sent to Serbia. Through a series of chance occurrences, she began to wield a pistol in battle and by the end of the war became the first woman officer (lieutenant) in the fighting ranks of any modern army. The thought of an American woman in combat in Vietnam is bizarre enough, but when one remembers the protected world of an Englishwoman of that era, Flora's card playing, drinking and palling around with her "brother" Serbs, is almost beyond belief. That she married, in her fifties, a Serbian officer, only makes her life and personality seem more incredible.

Mrs. Stobart appeared more normal, but possessed enough odd character traits to qualify her as a bona fide eccentric. For one thing, she "could never remember feeling mentally or physically tired in her life." As a young married woman she was constantly taking cross-country 5 a.m. walks to test "her powers of endurance for that special, but as yet unknown, task that (she was certain) destiny had planned for her." The war suited her perfectly, for she had wanted to prove that all-women hospitals could be used during wartime. The British Red Cross, typically, refused her offer of aid. The French and Belgians, on the other hand, welcomed her groups, and she set up one hospital in each country. Despite her arrest and trial by the Germans as a spy, and subsequent release, she became bored as soon as her hospitals began to function smoothly, and decided that Serbia was her destiny. Which it was. Arriving there during a lull in the fighting, Mrs. Stobart set up a string of desperately-needed civilian emergency dispensaries, to which 12,000 people went within a few weeks. But again, once the challenge of organizing disappeared, Mrs. Stobart became restless. She then volunteered, to the horror of her sponsoring committee in

London, to take charge of a full field hospital in battle. So it was that Major Stobart – at the tender age of 53 – participated, mainly on horseback, in an 800-mile, 81-day retreat through the cold, muddy and terrifying Serbian mountains, and arrived in Albania with the only column not to have suffered any deaths or desertions.

Mrs. Stobart and Flora Sandes had never belonged to the suffrage movement, though they obviously should have. But a great many women participants in the war had long been formally attached to The Cause. Just prior to the beginning of hostilities, it had reached a frenzied pitch of anti-government activity under the aegis of the First Family of Women's Suffrage – The Pankhursts, Emmeline and her two daughters, Christabel and Sylvia.

The Pankhursts were the movement's guerrilla fighters. They exhorted their followers to violent – and headline producing – actions, such as house burning, and accosting Prime Minister Asquith at such unlikely spots as the golf course or a formal ball. (They kept a supply of special evening gowns at headquarters for such occasions.) Denied public hearings at jury trials, they shattered the complacency of the average Englishman by going on hunger strikes in jail, and then enduring the ordeal of the forcible feeding.

The term "suffragette" has always summoned to my mind the picture of a woman dressed in a long white Gibson girl shirtwaist haranguing a bemused crowd of Sunday strollers. I suspect most people have little idea of the courage it often took to fight for The Cause. For them as for me, Mr. Mitchell's description of the forcible feeding will come as something of a surprise. The victim was "dragged by force, frogmarched to the feeding chair, bound up in a sheet, and held down by wardresses while a tube was thrust up the nostrils by one doctor and food poured down by another." Not only was this excruciatingly painful, it "was calculated to drive prisoners insane – as happened in at least one case." Recovery took

months, if one's health had not been permanently ruined. But just as the brutality of today's cattle prods and police dogs aroused this nation's conscience, so the forcible feeding catapulted the crusade for female suffrage into a national issue.

Though the Negro civil rights movement has never conceived of itself as heir to the ideas or techniques of that other great civil rights battle of the 20th Century, the two movements seem to have paralleled each other in many ways. Both have had politically diverse affiliates, violent vs nonviolent militants, heroes, heroines and martyrs, protest marches, rent strikes ("No vote, no rent"), acts of calculated civil disobedience and legal victories. Both have covered all discriminatory fronts, from job equality, wages and the vote to education and welfare, and have been forced to acknowledge that the passing of a law, though a prerequisite for justice, is about as effective a way of rooting out prejudice as mowing a lawn is to eliminate the weeds. Finally, just as today's Vietnam war is causing dissension among civil rights groups, the First World War divided the British women's campaign for equality. It split the Pankhurst family—Sylvia was a socialist and pacifist, whereas Emmeline and the puritanical Christabel became Tory superpatriots—and changed the movement from an essentially extremist to a broad-based, middle-class one, swollen by those hundreds of thousands of women who found themselves, out of necessity or patriotism or a sudden awareness of the possibilities of freedom, entering the male occupations. "Like a perverse, backhanded Santa Claus" the war finally gave women their chance to become doctors, police-women and factory workers "until only underground mining, stevedoring and steel and iron smelting" remained strictly male work.

Government and industry did not give in to the idea without a struggle, and when they did it was at far lower wages than men had been receiving. (We're still battling that one!) The women's trade union movement then came to the fore, bringing with it a new heroine, Mary MacArthur who, in 1918, would be the first woman nominated to stand for Parliament. (She was defeated. Oddly enough it was the American-

born Lady Astor who became the first woman to sit in Parliament.)

Emmeline and Christabel toured England for the once-despised Lloyd George and his recruitment drive, decrying "Hun Coddlers" and "sham internationalists," and declaring a moratorium on all questions of female suffrage. Sylvia, who Mr. Mitchell undoubtedly prefers, joined with the pacifists, socialists, Quakers and those who, like today's "Women Strike For Peace," "resented the assumption that women's main function was to clear up the messes men made."

It is interesting to note that we have come a long way from the terrifying passions which shook the so-called

civilized British during the First War. While today's draft-card burners are booed and prosecuted, the conscientious objectors of that time underwent Dostoevskyan tortures. One, for example, was "informed that he would be shot at dawn. He was led out, the order to fire was given—and then he was 'reprieved' amid jeering laughter."

By the end of the war women (with property and age restrictions) could vote. Newly liberated, they affiliated themselves with all parties, and began to confront the problems of (ah yes) modern marriage, careers and the elimination of those subtler forms of subservience, which we contemporary females still fondly refer to as The Cause.

Uncondescending Englishman

by Frank J. Warnke

Robert Graves' most recent prose volume is likely to strike the reader initially as a rather meretricious piece of work. Clearly a specimen of the genus "beautiful-beautiful-book," it has the generous format and lavish decoration suitable for Christmas giving and a place on the coffee table. It has a haphazard table of contents made up, presumably, of some of the author's fugi-

Majorca Observed
by Robert Graves
with illustrations by Paul Hogarth
(Doubleday; \$10)

tive pieces: three serious essays on varied subjects, plus six brief skits about life on Majorca. It has, finally, a snappy title, pilfered, one assumes, from Mary McCarthy's *Venice Observed* of a few years back. But whereas Miss McCarthy had a point to her title—the double pun on Otway's 17th-Century *Venice Preserved* and Christopher Fry's *Venus Observed* was both witty and relevant—Mr. Graves' rationale—or Doubleday's—can only be guessed at.

Nevertheless, the book has its merits. It is beautiful: Paul Hogarth's drawings, which take up a good half of the volume, are lyrical without being sappy and clever without being arch. More significantly, though Mr. Graves usually manages to write some trivial or

wrong-headed sentences, he is incapable of writing a dull or ugly one. And some of the time, in *Majorca Observed*, he has something worth writing about. Not, however, in the six short skits, the humor of which is usually derived from the device of translating literally from Spanish (like Hemingway in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*). Example, from a letter written by a school chum to Graves' young daughter: "I write this little card with the motive of rendering thee graces in respect of thy most attentive target which fills me with gaiety. . . ." It's funny, but it becomes tedious fairly quickly.

The three long essays are a different matter. Graves took up residence in Majorca in the late 1920's "warned to be off," he tells us, by his recognition that England was dangerously overcrowded and that the healthy distinction between town and country was being obliterated. Except for a painful ten-year exile caused by the Spanish Civil War and World War II, he has lived there ever since, in the mountain village of Deyá. His knowledge of the island is profound, not only because of an adult lifetime of daily experience but also because of a penetrating and restless intelligence which has led him to explore every aspect of Majorcan history, sociology, and culture. The longest essay in the book, written in 1953

but equipped with a 1965 postscript, is entitled "Why I Live in Majorca." Of the other two, one, "A Dead Branch on the Tree of Israel," is a historical account of the Christianized Jews of Majorca; the other, "George Sand in Majorca," is a study in speculative biography.

The essay on the Jews shows Graves the historian at his best: scrupulously researched, sympathetic yet detached, it allows the story of that ancient and curious community to emerge with its full irony and pathos. The essay on George Sand shows Graves the biographer at his most vivid, but with all his characteristic weaknesses. George Sand and Chopin spent the winter of 1838-39 on Majorca. Subsequently George Sand wrote *Un hiver à Majorque*, in which she bitterly attacks the inhabitants of the island. After the return of the famous lovers to France, the remainder of their association was exclusively spiritual. Graves is interested in the relevance of that development to George Sand's "insensate rage against the islanders." "The unavoidable conclusion," he writes,

"... is that it was their part in the abrupt rejection by her lover... of the libertarian gospel which she had taught him, and in his decision to place himself under the moral discipline of the Church. The treacherous scheming of her 8-year-old daughter Solange Sand makes a curious feature in the story."

Graves' account, then, holds that the grievously ill Chopin, his Catholic soul plagued by guilt for his adulterous liaison, was worked on by Solange, who, out of pure 8-year-old malice, translated the mute disapproval of the Catholic and traditionalist Majorcans into overt reproach craftily disguised as reporting and enlivened by ghost stories.

"Did he, thereupon, seek out a priest and make his penitent confession in Latin? And did the priest answer that his only hope for salvation, if he could not live without George, was to live like a brother with her... meanwhile trying to save her soul and that of her children?"

The interpretation is not impossible,

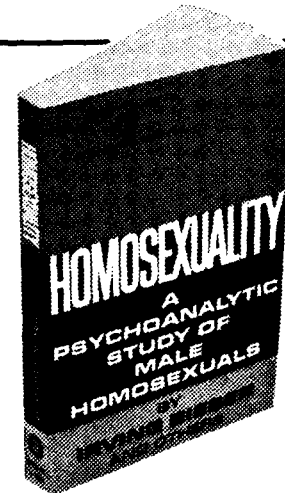
but Graves, here as in his fictionalized biography of some years ago, *Wife to Mr. Milton*, allows his novelist's instinct to usurp altogether the role of legitimate evidence. He does so particularly in the spectacular intrigue which, on a very slim basis, he attributes to Solange.

As between George Sand and the Majorcans, Graves is clearly on the side of the latter. Their sense of tradition and propriety, their innate formality, their untroubled relation to nature—all these qualities, for him, implicitly contrast with the hectic, intellectually presumptuous, libertarian sensibility of "the uncrowned queen of Romantics." The essay is as much a defense of Majorcan ways as an exercise in biography. The author's love for those ways emerges overtly in the longest essay in the book, which draws a steady contrast between the doomed and driven life of the metropolitan capitals and the as-yet-unchanged life of the Majorcan hinterland—at once entirely natural and profoundly courteous. Graves takes an obvious pride in the fact that "Don Roberto" strikes his neighbors as a "caballero muy formal," "quiet, sober, neutral, appreciative and punctilious in money matters," and indeed there seems to be a natural connection between the culture of his adopted home and the most important part of Graves' achievement—his essentially aristocratic and classical poetry.

One of the most attractive traits of this book is its total lack of anything resembling condescension toward Majorca. The author is wholly free, as are relatively few Englishmen of his generation, of the belief that what is foreign is necessarily peculiar. In a paragraph on the local cuisine he does express the quaint Anglo-Saxon convictions that olive oil is less digestible than butter and that garlic is hard to get used to. But certain delicacies referred to later in that paragraph—sweet cake decorated with raw pork sausage and sardines, octopus with chocolate sauce—make one grateful for a warning of some sort.

Majorca Observed will not contribute notably to Graves' reputation, but that reputation is not in need of augmentation. Graves is one of the important writers of our time, worth listening to even in his most casual moods.

NEW VINTAGE PAPERBACK



HOMOSEXUALITY

By I. Bieber and Others. A psychoanalytic study of the origins, development and treatability of the male homosexual.

\$2.45, now at your bookstore
VINTAGE BOOKS are published by
ALFRED A. KNOPF and RANDOM HOUSE
For catalog, write Random House,
457 Madison Ave., N. Y. 10022

FUN TO READ!

The IDLER is a lively, individualistic liberal monthly that entertains as it informs. Warm humor and cold facts mixed into a pleasant, personal and personable journalistic pot.

Send \$3.00 today for a year's subscription. Money back if not satisfied.

Discover THE IDLER and you will have made a new friend.

It makes a good Christmas present, too.

THE IDLER

125 Fifth St., N.E.

Washington 2, D. C.

Please send me a one year's subscription to THE IDLER. Enclosed is \$3.00.

Name

Address

..... Zip

Louis A. Ferman, Joyce L. Kornbluh,
and Alan Haber, *Editors*

Poverty in America A Book of Readings

Introduction by Michael Harrington

"Nearly all articles in the volume are first rate: startling in content, moving in eloquence, and challenging in new approaches suggested. The editors have cut across specialty lines and included social workers, politicians, economists, labor leaders, sociologists, journalists, and the poor themselves to get a variety of points of view. Yet with all the variety they have unified the whole, and the book can be read from beginning to end not only with profit but with whatever satisfaction substitutes for pleasure when such a poignant condition is the subject."—*Los Angeles Times*
560 pages \$9.00

Sappho: Poems and Fragments

Translated, with an Introduction,
by Guy Davenport

Sappho sang of Eros and Aphrodite, of graceful youths with bronzed bodies and flowing hair. She sang of trees and flowers and love in an age of gold. In Guy Davenport's unique translations the elegance and supple grace of Sappho's lyrics are re-created for the modern reader.

"...there is real distinction in the writing and a refreshing freedom from the self-conscious tone, vacillating between pretentiousness and archness, which spoils most attempts to do Sappho."

—*Richmond Lattimore*

"Sharp, bright, above all essentially strange, these versions convince us for the first time in English that Sappho's voice comes from a world piercingly unlike our own, but with so articulate an identity that we recognize it in the least fragment."—*Hugh Kenner*
128 pages illustrated \$3.95

Anatol Rapoport • Albert M. Chammah Prisoner's Dilemma

This book explores the nature of conflict in the deceptively simple game from which the book takes its title. If two players cooperate, they both win; if they don't, they both lose. But they can cooperate only if each trusts the other, and the game is so structured that there is no rational basis for trusting. Moving beyond game theory, *Prisoner's Dilemma* builds a bridge between scientific psychology (based on hard data and reproducible experiments) and the psychology of complex inner motivations which create conflict and human strife.
272 pages \$7.50



The University of Michigan Press
Ann Arbor

Preposterous But Alive

by Edward Hyams

For too long, English and American novel-reviewers—following the example of the critical pundits who take their trade seriously—have struck disagreeably moralistic attitudes in their writings. In a doubtless laudable attempt to give significance to their own work, they approach the novel as if it were a social treatise; they consider whether it makes points in the real

The Sioux
by Irene Handl
(New American Library; \$5.95)

world instead of within its own little world; whether it is "important" instead of whether it imposes its inventions on the reader and if so how entertainingly and to what aesthetic purpose. This unsatisfactory approach results in such disgraceful solecisms as the relative neglect of, for example, a very good novelist like Helen Eustis; or the relegation of such a talent as Patricia Highsmith's to the column dealing with crime puzzles.

If a novelist can create a world in which while you read you are absorbed; whose topography and inhabitants interest and amuse you; and which, when you have done with it, leaves you feeling that you have seen and enjoyed something only that particular novelist could have created for your enchantment; if, finally, the manner as well as the matter has pleased you by its deftness and economy—then that novelist, at whatever level he or she has worked, has done something worth doing, has succeeded. The novel may be "important" in that it also happens to reveal something new about the real world: so much the better, the novelist is then a seer. If not, what of it? The artist's imagination is for play as well as for work; and play is, or ought to be, an important part of life.

The Sioux, a first but I hope not last novel by a well-known English actress of Franco-Austrian blood, is, by my definition, a brilliantly successful novel. Whether or not Miss Handl's world of *The Sioux* reflects a reality, I neither know nor care. It is a world of Franco-American New Orleans billionaire aris-

ocrats as arrogantly exclusive of the general as that of the Guermantes. If, as I suspect, there is nobody quite like them, then Miss Handl, like, shall we say, James Branch Cabell with his inhabitants of an imaginary Languedoc, has the merit of having enriched the world entirely out of her head and heart: for her inventions are very great fun and, while you are living with them, utterly convincing and both moving and entertaining. *The Sioux* are by no means redskins, but a tribe, the Benoirs, immensely rich, incredibly "sophisticated," deliciously on the very brink of decadence of that so attractive French-Creole kind, fairy-tale stuff perhaps, used so successfully by Patrick Leigh Fermor in *The Violins of St. Jacques*. The family live half in Paris and half in New Orleans but united, integral, distance between members abolished by a use of transatlantic telephones and airplanes as casual as yours or mine of dime phone-calls or subway trains. Marguerite Benoir, not yet thirty, fine flower of a plutocratic culture, ravishing, has used up two husbands, the first her cousin and father of her son, the second a madly dictatorial governor of Mississippi, and is on her third, Castleton, an English banker who talks an extraordinary, clipped, dateless dialect of English which is not the least amusing of Miss Handl's inventions. Marguerite's nine-year-old son is dangerously anemic but prognosis is good if he is properly cared for. She insists that he be brought to her from Paris. The arrival of this prince—Georges, but known variously as *moumou*, *puss* or The Dauphin, escorted by his brilliantly amusing and amoral uncle Armand, by his cousin and lover the twenty-year-old Bienville, a bodyguard, and a *vale-taille*, all in two white Rolls-Royces, is a set-piece of gorgeous vulgarity of almost late Renaissance quality.

Marguerite adores her boy but is ruthlessly determined that he shall be healthy and socially perfect, drilling and driving him to those ends without regard for his delicate health. The child worships her—strongly incestuous undertones here—and nothing she can do

to him impairs his cult for her: she wishes him to call Castleton papa; the boy idolizes his dead father and cannot bring himself to do it; there is, as a climax to a number of lesser encounters, a clash of two high-tensile wills and, in a scene deliciously sadistic, Marguerite flogs the boy mercilessly with a *serpent*, a slave-whip. Castleton, already very fond of the boy, whose immense charm is perfectly realized, is appalled, deeply repelled by his wife's treatment of the boy. His relationship with his wife is not simply destroyed; but, based as it is on an absorbing sexual compatibility never explicit but permeating the whole story, it is profoundly changed into one of love-hate, obsessive, uneasy and tense.

If, after reading it – and please do that – you sit back to consider this novel in cold blood, you will rather uneasily try to tell yourself that the thing is simply preposterous – characters, situations, language, the lot. But it's no use: the people of Miss Handl's extraordinary creative power insist on living; and the passions they live on asserting themselves as valid.

Objections have been raised by the

weary to the author's manner – it is not quite a true "style." Well, she writes in the historic present throughout and that, common in French, is unusual in English. But, if it works, why ever not? And it does work and it is not merely a gimmick; the matter calls for this manner and the two are perfectly married. You cannot fairly ask for more than that.

From time to time a novelist arises who can use the novel form to tell a fairy tale, and the fairy tale is a perfectly valid and viable medium for making a bewitching game out of human manners and passions, a stylization of life. *The Sioux* has the enormous advantage of being in modern terms and a modern setting. One thing I am sure of: the author has lived in head and heart the passions of her creatures and has, as a result, accomplished a work of art. Let the over-refined carp about the intellectual, moral or real level at which she has done so: the achievement is rare and splendid. I hope that Miss Handl will go on living the lives of her Benoirs and will, from time to time, write some more of their incredible and utterly convincing history.

Elaborate Fantasy

by Thomas Wilson, Jr.

There is no need to review once more the tortured and unfathomable story of the "Chevalier incident," which played such an astonishingly large part in the "Oppenheimer case" – and which is the main burden of the present book. As Chevalier himself says, rather surpris-

Oppenheimer: The Story of a Friendship
by Haakon Chevalier
(Braziller; \$5)

ingly, on the last page: "We do not yet see things clearly."

Indeed we do not. Nor shall we ever know for sure exactly what was said in a brief conversation one evening in the pantry of Oppenheimer's house in Berkeley in 1943 – or what motivated Oppenheimer and Chevalier over the years as they were grilled about their relationship and their associations with

"United Front" politics in the thirties. The "truth" of all this is forever lost in a few forgotten words between friends mixing Martinis for themselves and their wives twenty-odd years ago – and in the subjective miseries of two sensitive men who were unfamiliar with the world of "military security," fearful of the repercussions of their past political activities, and confused by conflicting loyalties.

And because the only two men who could know the "truth" about the "Chevalier incident" in all its ramifications no longer *can* know, this book throws no new light on the bizarre action of the Atomic Energy Commission in lifting Oppenheimer's security clearance in 1954.

To the sociologist, psychologist, or psychiatrist – or to the novelist or dramatist, for that matter – this is a fascinating and melancholy story of the

ARE YOU GOOD ENOUGH To Play Poker with the Cincinnati Kid?

Box Office Publications
announces
a limited availability of the 1966
edition of:

"TEST YOUR POKER I.Q."

A simple self-administered guide
to your poker-playing abilities.
Mail for your copy to:

Box Office Publications
Warner Building
13th and E Streets, NW
Washington, D. C. 20004

\$1.00 per copy postpaid
\$5.00 for 7 copies postpaid.

Commentary*

higher education

(cont'd)



* GRAYSON KIRK, President of Columbia University says: "Commentary provides a means whereby the general reader will find stimulation – and, fortunately, provocation as well – through articles relating to foreign affairs, the arts, literature, Jewish culture, sociology, and in short, the whole range of questions concerning the nature and direction of our society."

For new subscribers only.

COMMENTARY, Dept. NR 68
165 East 58th St., N. Y., N. Y. 10022

Please enter my subscription

☐ 8 months — \$3.87

☐ 12 months — \$5.39

(regularly \$8.00 a year)

☐ Please send bill ☐ Payment enclosed

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Outside U.S.A. — add \$1.00 per subscription.

Please use separate sheet for gift subscriptions.



The dramatic opinions 1959-1965 of Robert Brustein

SINCE 1959, Americans seriously interested in our theatre have increasingly found their spokesman in Robert Brustein of *The New Republic*.

His new book, *SEASONS OF DISCONTENT*, is just published — a brilliant analytic record of a half-decade of too frequent disaster and too occasional triumph on and off Broadway.

It considers, among other matters, the explosive career and demise of the Living Theatre, the Broadway occultism of *Tiny Alice*, the Brecht revival, the innovations of Samuel Beckett, the influence of the Actors Studio, Shakespeare in the Park

and in the suburbs, the art of Zero Mostel, the playwriting debut of Robert Lowell.

It includes Mr. Brustein's famous prophetic vision of the downfall of the Lincoln Center Repertory Theatre, as well as his latest assault on the irresponsibility of the homosexual and Negro avant-gardes.

SEASONS OF DISCONTENT, with its concrete production-by-production look at the American theatre as it functions now, is a superb complement to the author's study of the major playwrights of the past century, *The Theatre of Revolt*, and will, we believe, be as strongly admired.

SEASONS OF DISCONTENT

Just published. \$5.95 • SIMON AND SCHUSTER

corrosive effects upon the mind of a man who has been held to be suspect and who, in turn, suspects he has been betrayed. At one point Chevalier writes:

"I began to get panicky. I imagined all kinds of dire plots on the part of fiendish but impersonal agents in a vast administrative labyrinth. . . . I had suffered too long from false accusations, slander, rejection, suspicion. I felt myself stalked by an obscure menace."

But the book has interest for the political scientist, too; for it is a story of what can happen to the mind of a man unable to give up "the cause" — unwilling to rid himself of political romanticism.

In the 1930's Haakon Chevalier had two gods that seemed to be working in tandem: the promise held out by Marx for a just and humane socialist society — and J. Robert Oppenheimer. The first needs no elaboration; that god failed many — and many became bitter about it. But the real revelation of the Chevalier book is the depth and intensity of his hero-worship of Oppenheimer.

Chevalier writes unabashedly of his "feeling of reverence" for "my hero"; of his "arresting figure"; of a face which he associated "with the faces of the apostles . . . a kind of light shone from it . . . which illuminated the scene around him"; of "an unmistakable spiritual quality that he irradiated . . . his expression could be Christ-like"; of a mind which was "limitless in knowledge"; of eyes which "would seem to be captured by some unearthly vision"; of a "quality . . . which made him seem adequate to every occasion."

Of the years in Berkeley when the young Professor of Romance Languages and the young Professor of Nuclear Physics were personal friends and political stablemates, Chevalier writes: "These years of my life were dominated by the personality of Oppenheimer." And years later, when Chevalier felt hunted like a Kafka character, he wrote to Oppenheimer: "I have loved you as I have loved no other man. I placed in you an absolute trust. . . ."

Oppenheimer and Chevalier saw each other rarely after the physicist disap-

peared into the desert of New Mexico to create the world's greatest physics laboratory at the secret city of Los Alamos – to become “the father of the atomic bomb,” – and then to become in the postwar world the most honored, most respected, and most sought-after of all consultants on military weapons and policy and strategy.

Chevalier knew little or nothing of all this. But he constructed an elaborate fantasy to the effect that Oppenheimer had worked on the “diabolical contrivance” at Los Alamos merely to be in a position to prevent its use, and had since been fighting a rearguard action within “conservative government and Army circles” so that at the height of some apocalyptic crisis in human affairs he could bring all his god-like qualities to bear on behalf of a decision for peace on earth.

It is not known – and it does not matter – what Haakon Chevalier thinks about socialism today. But he remains a prisoner of the obsolete symbols and the sterile semantics of the “United Front” of the 1930's. He still writes nostalgically of the “People's Front” and the “proletarian novel” – and drearily of “the epic struggle of the Chinese Red Army,” of “class-conscious working people,” of “reactionary forces,” of “the Powers” and the “governing classes.”

When the transcript of the “Oppenheimer case” was published in 1954, Chevalier's fantasy was shattered beyond repair. He read and reread the record of Oppenheimer's service in the postwar world and what he saw was this:

“... An awe-inspiring public figure, who one always visualized as having his finger on a trigger which could at any moment set off a chain reaction of cataclysmic destruction, a master brain, an occult power at the center of a network of control bodies: chairman or member of innumerable boards and commissions, author of endless secret reports on ever more lethal weapons, on tactics and strategies and techniques of annihilation – a gray eminence, hobnobbing with bankers and industrialists, cabinet ministers and top-ranking military men; an aggressive patriot, an outspoken anti-Communist, fervently anti-Soviet...”

This was too much for a distraught man who had once placed “an absolute trust” in a fellow-worker for “the cause.”

Three books, diverse in aim, in organization, and in content, yet bear the relation of points of reference in the mind of the reader who aspires to locate the Bitch Goddess by triangulation. They are not completely successful because the equations of Success carry too many variables, but they are interesting and

The American Gospel of Success

Edited by Moses Rischin
(Quadrangle; \$7.95)

Apostles of the Self-Made Man:

Changing Concepts of Success
in America

by John G. Cawelti
(Chicago; \$6.95)

The Young Executives:

The Drivers in the Business System
by Walter Guzzardi, Jr.
(New American Library; \$4.95)

definitely illuminating although, to adopt the jargon of contemporary successes, candle-wise rather than searchlight-wise.

Mr. Rischin is frankly an anthologist, presenting the dicta on Success of such curiously assorted authorities, as among many others, Barnum, Horatio Alger, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, David Riesman and John Kenneth Galbraith. It is certainly movement, but whether processional or recessionary is indeterminate.

Mr. Guzzardi, an editor of *Fortune* in which most of his material has been published, is also an anthologist of sorts, presenting, along with his comment, a mass of statements by young executives regarding their situation.

Mr. Cawelti, a University of Chicago savant, is strictly the scholar, although his monograph on the American idea of success is lightened by a pawky humor that lifts it out of the ruck of dry-as-dust theses and makes it an ex-

And so some ten years later Chevalier wrote a book about how Oppenheimer had betrayed him. In a special way, he did. The god that failed Haakon Chevalier was not “socialism” but Robert Oppenheimer.

The Sweet Smell of Success

by Gerald W. Johnson

tremely entertaining volume to read.

The cumulative effect of the three volumes, is, however, reinforcement of the theory that the habitation of Success is either the palace of Prester John, or the tomb of Moses, which “no man knoweth unto this day.”

Yet the discussion furnishes two interesting sidelights. One is Guzzardi's revelation of the business Wonder Boy as competent, aggressive, confident and diligent, all in a superlative degree. He is not in awe of the Organization; he will either dominate or desert it, and while only one out of many can be president of the corporation, all will end among the high brass, rich and authoritative. Yet withal they are such obviously dreary fellows that today among the brighter undergraduates only about 20 percent are definitely looking forward to a career in business. The arts and the learned professions attract four out of five.

The other sidelight is Mr. Cawelti's analysis of the fluidity of institutions as preclusive of any definition of Success, since the elements of it derive about equally from the individual and the society in which he lives. This is, of course, Sorokin's “mobility” restated, but in a luminous restatement. Mr. Cawelti's reasoning is a trifle suspect, however, for he swallows whole the myth that the accumulation of great fortunes under modern taxation is difficult to the point of impossibility. He blandly ignores the prediction of the Internal Revenue Service that in 1965 incomes – not fortunes, annual incomes – topping a million dollars will be enjoyed by more Americans than ever before in history. Capitalized at five percent, that means twenty millions, which most of us regard as no small fortune.

Yet the Bitch Goddess remains as indefinable as ever; and isn't that, after all, of the essence of her being?

THEATRE

A Missed Masterpiece

The Devils has obviously been fashioned by a writer of subtle sensibility and superior intelligence: its characterization is interesting, its scope large, its prose full of disconsolate music, and its subject – the possession by devils of

The Devils
by John Whiting;
based upon *The Devils of Loudun*
by Aldous Huxley
(Broadway Theatre)

You Can't Take It With You
by Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman
The APA Repertory Company;
(Lyceum Theatre)

Bugs and Veronica
by John White
(Pocket Theatre)

the nuns of Loudun and the subsequent execution for diabolism of Father Grandier – is one of great promise for the

stage. Compared with *The Crucible*, which treats of similar subject matter, John Whiting's drama is a penetrating study of the roots of Seventeenth-Century religious fanaticism, for Whiting has more understanding of human motive than Miller, more intellect, more poetry, more humor, more imagination. Still, *The Crucible* is the better play. Whiting fails a large ambition – the writing of tragedy – while Miller accomplishes a smaller one – the writing of melodrama; and though Miller's material may be less profound than Whiting's, it is handled with greater authority. *The Devils* sprawls and crashes about the stage without a firm controlling hand to rein it in; the individual scenes have coherence but the whole does not; and as themes fly forth like sparks off an anvil, one ultimately feels assaulted by a profusion of rich ideas.

It is Whiting's intention to bring an entire French village onto the stage, and for this purpose he designs a series of swift episodes during which the principal and secondary characters move center for arias, duets, trios, and choruses. The bustling effect is reminiscent of the opening scenes of Rostand's *Cyrano* as, indeed, Whiting's staccato rhetoric seems to be influenced by Brian Hooker's translation of that play. But an epic style requires a strong central character to bring everything into focus, and Father Grandier is simply too passive a victim to fit the bill. In himself, Whiting's Grandier is interesting enough – an intellectual priest with a vigorous sexual appetite who tries to design his own extinction as a way of making amends to God; but these qualities have little influence on his fate which is more the result of a fortuitous combination of circumstances: political revenge, clerical hostility, middle-class envy, and the unfounded accusations of a hysterical humpbacked nun who has never met him. Grandier is continually undergoing spiritual crises and continually making finalistic discoveries about himself, but his metaphysical agony

and existential *Angst* have very little to do with those forces that are bulldozing him from the earth.

The intellectual structure of the play, in short, seems largely irrelevant to its emotional structure – and not only irrelevant but anachronistic. Just as it is rather disconcerting, in *The Crucible*, to find Miller's Puritan hero regarding witchcraft with all the skepticism of a Nineteenth-Century positivist, so it is disorienting to find Whiting's Catholic characters assuming an absurd universe, holding sophisticated rationalistic views about God, and offering Freudian explanations of various religious phenomena, as if the French of this time were already familiar with G. Rattray Taylor's chapters on diabolism in *Sex in History*. One character speaks of "father figures," another diagnoses a false pregnancy, and a number of others interpret the diabolical possession of the nuns as an obvious combination of repressed sexuality, histrionics, and opportunism. This is too easy, especially for an already enlightened audience; the play could use a little more mystery and a lot less causality; and it wouldn't have hurt if the author had tried to project himself historically into the mind of another time. What finally emerges is not so much an evocation of a past event as an essay on that event, filtered through the modern self-consciousness, and the action never breaks free from the author's grip to assume an ambiguous life of its own.

As for Michael Cacoyannis' production, it fails to endow the drama with the necessary focus and inevitability. The vignettes flow into one another smoothly enough and the torture of Grandier is harrowing, but the possession scenes – where Cacoyannis has his pretty *Sound of Music* nuns gaping, twitching, and snarling, bunching their habits around their crotches and showing their legs – approach the level of unintentional farce, and the evening has too many feverish climaxes. Then, while the acting is occasionally powerful in supporting roles (Shepperd Strudwick's furious, rasping Bishop; John Colicos' crisp Machiavellian tool villain), the leads are curiously flat. Anne Bancroft brings to the role of Sister Jeanne broad Bronx inflections, spasmodic gestures, and a variety of

FUN TO READ!

The IDLER is a lively, individualistic liberal monthly that entertains as it informs. Warm humor and cold facts mixed into a pleasant, personal and personable journalistic pot.

Send \$3.00 today for a year's subscription. Money back if not satisfied.

Discover THE IDLER and you will have made a new friend.

It makes a good Christmas present, too.

THE IDLER

125 Fifth St., N.E.

Washington 2, D. C.

Please send me a one year's subscription to THE IDLER. Enclosed is \$3.00.

Name

Address

.....Zip.....

vocal hysterics which alternate among barks, coughs, and asthmatic heaves — a good tasteful director could have improved this performance considerably. As for Jason Robards, as Father Grandier, he achieves a certain mutilated grandeur at the end of the play when, his hair and beard completely shaven, his legs crushed and bleeding, he is led off to the stake; but Robard's sad, jerky delivery, in which every syllable is a disconnected spondee and every speech a wry recollection, tends to get very monotonous. All in all, a pretty windy evening which tantalizes you with its unfulfilled potential.

The APA is doing a snazzy version of *You Can't Take It With You* which is heartily recommended for its fun, amiability, and nostalgia. Kaufman and Hart's 1936 comedy about a goofy family which nurtures its nonconformism is a little cutesy-pie at times, but it still has a lot of charm, and it has been staged by Ellis Rabb with considerable inventiveness and period feeling. I would be happier if the APA could alternate this "classic American comedy" with somewhat more substantial classics, but I understand there are pressing economic reasons for limiting the current New York visit to one popular play; and, anyway, such light productions have proved the sort of thing the APA does best (the company's revival of *The Tavern* had precisely the same joyous insignificance). The cast, with certain minor exceptions, is excellent, and the re-creation of the mood of the thirties produces pleasant pangs. There is a scene at the end of the first act, when Rosemary Harris and Clayton Corzatte, as two lovers, plight their troth while dancing to a warbly vocal of "These Foolish Things," part into an elaborate fox-trot break, and then return into an embrace, with Miss Harris lifting one leg daintily behind her — it is a moment of cultural history as evocative as an old Grant-Hepburn movie.

Also recommended are two short plays, *Bugs* and *Veronica*, by a new dramatist named John White — the first, a drama about a young man who has gone literally bugs, since he sees insects everywhere; the second, a comedy about a famous songwriting team which has lost its touch as a result of the ominous

The Pleasure of Giving A Book at Christmas

Especially if it is THE FACES OF FIVE DECADES!

This anthology, taken from fifty years of *The New Republic*, contains an impressive list of contributors indeed . . . Henry Miller, Thomas Wolfe, Walter Lippmann, John Steinbeck, George Bernard Shaw, Adlai Stevenson . . . and many many more.

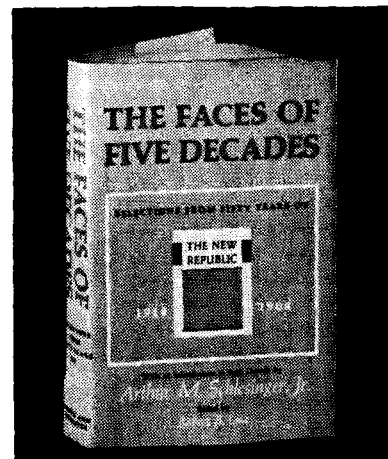
► Each of the Five Decades is introduced by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

► Each of the Five Decades offers delightfully rich portraits of some of the great men and women of the twentieth century.

Acclaimed by literary critics as "... a remarkable profile of America."

You will give hours of pleasure when you give *The Faces of Five Decades* as a gift.

Available in either hard cover, pictured above (\$6.95) or soft cover (\$2.95).



Why not order a hard cover copy as a gift and a soft cover copy for yourself—at the special combined rate of \$9.00. (This combined offer is good only through December 31, 1965)

Complete the coupon below, enclose your check or money order, then sit back with at least one less gift to worry about on your list.

A gift of *The Faces of Five Decades* is a very particular piece of Americana.

THE NEW REPUBLIC, Department F
1244-19th Street, N.W., Washington, D. C. 20036

I wish to make my Christmas shopping easier and more interesting.
Please send me:

_____ hard bound copies of *The Faces of Five Decades* at \$6.95 each (reg. price \$7.95 each)

_____ soft bound copies of *The Faces of Five Decades* at \$2.95 each

_____ sets of a hardbound and a softbound copy each at the special rate of \$9.00

My check or money order for \$_____ is enclosed.

Name _____

Address _____

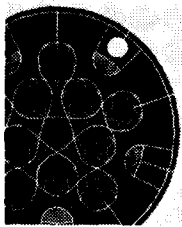
City _____ State _____ Zip _____



The Heart of Our Cities

The Urban Crisis: Diagnosis and Cure

Victor Gruen



Walter Sullivan

WE
ARE
NOT
ALONE

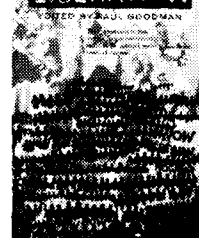
The Search for Intelligent Life on Other Worlds

THE CITY
IN
HISTORY
BY LEWIS
MUMFORD

MEMORIES, DREAMS,
REFLECTIONS



SEEDS OF
LIBERATION



SAINT
GENET

JEAN-PAUL
SARTRE

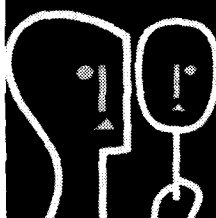
THE CLASSIC TRADITION IN
SOCIOLOGICAL THINKING

images
of man

From Marx and Lippmann to Freud, Weber and Lippmann,
this book profiles the great sociological tradition
and the work of the sociologists of the 20th century.
It is a volume of the classic tradition in sociological
thinking and a volume of the classic tradition in
sociological thinking.

C. WRIGHT MILLS

IDENTITY AND
ANXIETY



THE BASIC
WRITINGS
OF BERTRAND
RUSSELL



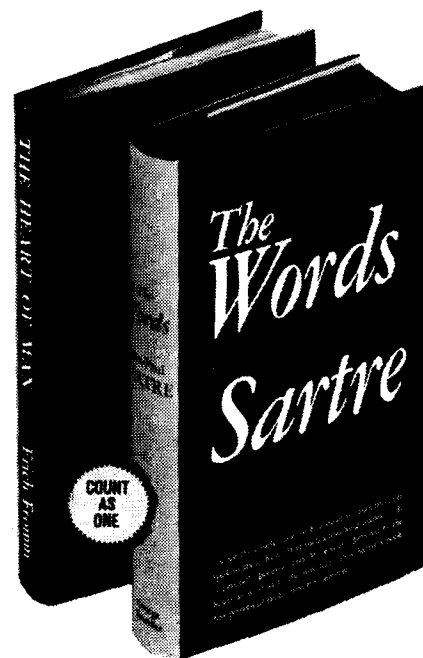
THE
ESSENTIAL
LIPPMANN



THE
FBI
NOBODY
KNOWS

ANY THREE

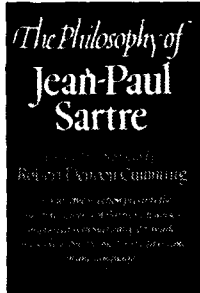
WITH YOUR FIRST SELECTION



SELECTIONS MAKE THE DIFFERENCE—Here are some of the selections that the Book Find Club has offered its members at substantial savings. The selections of the Book Find Club are different. You will recognize them as works of current interest and lasting value—solid, readable books that range from social science to the fine arts. These are only a few from the outstanding list of more than 100 books and records that the Book Find Club will make available to you as a member if you join now. As an introductory offer, to acquaint you with the benefits and privileges of membership, we invite you to choose any three of the selections pictured above free with your first selection. Since several are dual selections*, you may acquire as many as 5 books in this way. ■ **CONVENIENCE.** Membership in the Book Find Club makes it possible for you to shop for the books you want in the comfort of your own home—enabling you to build your library conveniently and inexpensively. Each month you will receive The Book Find News, containing an authoritative review of the forthcoming selection and descriptions of the many other books available at special member's prices. You need choose only the books you want. ■ **AVERAGE SAVINGS OF 40%.** As a member you will regularly enjoy savings of 40% on the books you take. Furthermore, on certain choices your savings will reach and even exceed 50%. Compare the prices of the books shown here. Your savings on this introductory offer alone can amount to as much as \$36.55. ■ **BONUS BOOKS.** When your introductory agreement has been completed, you will be entitled to a free bonus book of your own choosing after every third selection that you take.

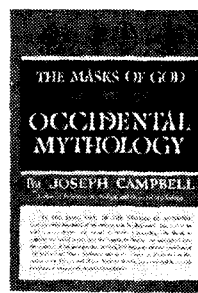
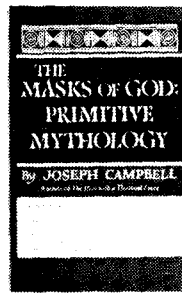
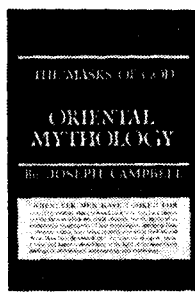
The Mother Tongue, Lancelot Hogben. Retail \$7.50 Member's price \$5.95
Seeds of Liberation, ed. by Paul Goodman. Camus, Russell, Baldwin, Theobald, Muste, Farmer, Martin Luther King and many others on major issues of our time. Retail \$7.50 Member's price \$5.50
The Heart of Our Cities: The Urban Crisis, Victor Gruen. Retail \$8.50 Member's price \$5.95
We Are Not Alone, Walter Sullivan. Retail \$6.95 Member's price \$5.50
The City in History, Lewis Mumford. Retail \$11.50 Member's price \$6.95
Memories, Dreams, Reflections, C. G. Jung. Retail \$7.50 Member's price \$5.95
Saint Genet: Actor and Martyr, Jean-Paul Sartre. Retail \$8.50. Member's price \$5.95
Images of Man: The Classic Tradition in Sociological Thinking, edited by C. Wright Mills. Penetrating studies of man by Lippmann, Spencer, Weber, Marx, Engels, Veblen, and many others. Retail \$7.50 Member's price \$4.95
Identity and Anxiety: Survival of the Person in Mass Society. A massive compendium of studies by Mead, Mills, May, Swados, Orwell, Rosenberg, Richards, Goror, Howe, Jaspers, and many more. Retail \$7.50 Member's price \$5.50
The Basic Writings of Bertrand Russell edited by Robert E. Egner and Lester E. Denmon. Retail \$10.00 Member's price \$5.95
The Essential Walter Lippmann: A Political Philosophy for Liberal Democracy. Editors: Clinton Rossiter & James Lare. Retail \$7.50. Member's price \$5.50
The FBI Nobody Knows, Fred J. Cook. Retail \$5.95 Member's price \$4.95
***The Words**, Jean-Paul Sartre; and **The Heart of Man**, Erich Fromm. Combined retail price \$8.95 Member's price (for both books) \$5.95

*TWO BOOKS COUNTING AS ONE SELECTION



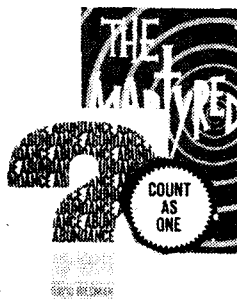
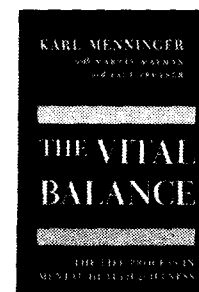
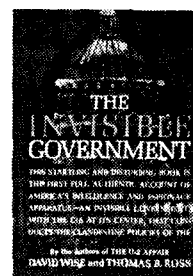
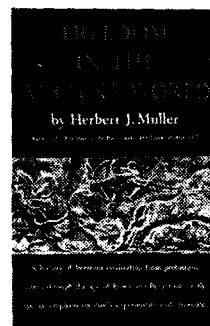
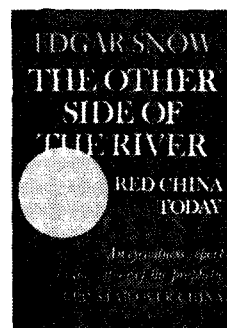
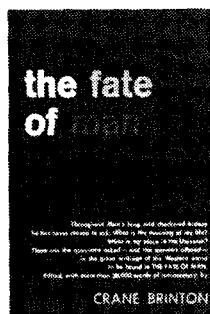
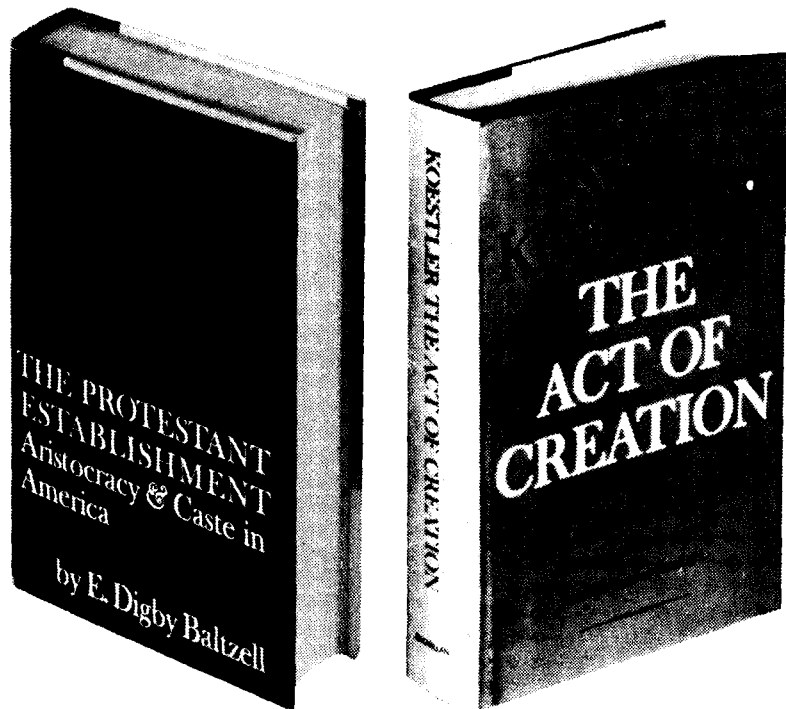
CRISIS IN BLACK AND WHITE

Charles E. Silberman



BOOKS FREE

RETAIL VALUES UP TO \$42.50



The Philosophy of Jean-Paul Sartre. For the first time in any language, a comprehensive selection of the basic writings of Sartre. Retail \$7.95. Member's price \$5.95
Crisis in Black and White, Charles E. Silberman. Retail \$5.95. Member's price \$4.95
Oriental Mythology: The Masks of God, Joseph Campbell. Retail \$7.50. Member's price \$5.50
Primitive Mythology: The Masks of God, Joseph Campbell. Retail \$6.00. Member's price \$4.50
Occidental Mythology: The Masks of God, Joseph Campbell. Retail \$7.95. Member's price \$5.50
The Fate of Man, edited by Crane Brinton. Including Plato, Aquinas, Spencer, Nietzsche, Engels, Freud, Toynbee, Kant, Whitehead, Kluckhohn, Shapley, Rosenberg, Huxley, and others. Retail \$7.50. Member's price \$4.95
The Other Side of the River: Red China Today, Edgar Snow. Retail \$10.00. Member's price \$6.95
Freedom in the Ancient World, Herbert Muller. Retail \$7.50. Member's price \$4.95
The Invisible Government, David Wise and Thomas B. Ross. Retail \$5.95. Member's price \$4.50
The Vital Balance: The Life Process in Mental Health and Illness. Karl Menninger. Retail \$10.00. Member's price \$6.95
***Abundance for What?** David Riesman; and **The Martyred,** Richard E. Kim. Combined retail price \$11.00. Member's price (for both books) \$6.50
The Protestant Establishment: Aristocracy & Caste in America, E. Digby Baltzell. Retail \$6.95. Member's price \$5.50
The Act of Creation, Arthur Koestler. Retail \$8.95. Member's price \$5.95

THE BOOK FIND CLUB, Inc.

One Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

B65-12NR-2

You may enroll and send me the 3 free books of my choice, with my first selection at the special member's price (plus postage and handling). I agree to buy four additional selections or alternates from the wide range of books that will be made available to me in the coming year at substantial savings. When I do not want the current selection—or prefer to order another book—I may do so on the convenient form provided for this purpose. I may cancel my membership at any time after purchasing the four additional books.

First Selection _____

Free Books 1 _____

2 _____

3 _____

Mr. _____
Mrs. _____
Miss _____

Please print full name

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

(Same offer & prices apply in Canada: 105 Bond St., Toronto 2, Ont.)

conditions of modern life. Both productions are rather crude, but some of the actors are good, particularly Dylan Green, in *Bugs*, as the entomologically fixated hero, and, in *Veronica*, Bernard Grant as a dried-up lyricist and Jess Osuna as a Shavian thief who helps to revive his talent. The author's gifts are modest but mature and he has the interesting capacity to combine Kafkaesque behavior with realistic motivation. The final moment of *Bugs* – when the hero's nasty father walks round and

round a table muttering to himself, and gradually turns into an insect – is suggestive, potent, and uncanny.

Various readers have written to correct an error in my last review where I referred to "Montezuma and his Mayas" – the phrase should have read "Montezuma and his Aztecs," the Mayan civilization being a good deal further south than Mexico. For the mistake, my apologies; for the corrections, my thanks.

ROBERT BRUSTEIN

FILMS

The Proof of Yorkshire Puddings

Jet propulsion and electronic speed are clearly having an effect on much more than the rate of technological change; their accelerations are affecting the rate of social and artistic change. Is it only nine years since *Look Back in Anger*? How dated its hero and tonality seem. The latest Osborne play, *Inadmissible Evidence*, though no less blistering, is not the rage of excluded youth but of

Life at the Top
(Royal International)

surrounded early middle age. Is it only seven years since the film of John Braine's *Room at the Top*? The newly released sequel, *Life at the Top*, reveals, from its title on, more than a change of venue and view: it is the emergence of a new British national concern.

In almost every respect, this film is as well executed as its memorable sire. But the theme has changed from power-drive via sex, à la Julien Sorel and Clyde Griffiths, to the hollowness of achieved position. Here, as in Osborne and other English writers, the theme of narcotism-by-worldliness has taken over, and doubtlessly, this, too – like many other changes in English society – will be decried as proof of Americanization.

For those readers who (as magazines used to say) missed the first chapter, Joe Lampton was a working-class Yorkshire youth who moved from his small town to a larger one, got a job in the Town Hall, had an affair with the French wife

of a local snob, deliberately seduced and luckily impregnated the daughter of the local textile tycoon. A marriage was enforced, and the Frenchwoman killed herself. Now ten years have passed. Joe and Susan have two children and an ever so comfy house. He is a sales executive in his father-in-law's firm, still at daggers drawn with the old man, accepted in social circles because of his connections but still quite conscious both of his origins and the wide opinion that he fornicated his way to security. It is the justice, not the injustice, of this opinion that bothers him, and he is now concerned to prove his intrinsic worth. The tycoon has reached the age where he must think about business dynasty, whether to merge his company or go public, and Joe is eager to prove his merits as successor. As for his marriage, it is surprisingly tolerable. He and Susan have reached the point where disaster is possible, but this, in a sense, is because the marriage is not bad; the dangerous dissatisfaction of each is primarily with himself, with an increasing consciousness of sand slipping through the glass.

Each gets an opportunity to make permanent trouble: she with a handsome local rogue, he with a TV hostess who is temporarily stationed in their town, who then returns to London, and whom Joe follows there. Both these escapades are part of a journey, for Joe and Susan, not toward complete content but toward acceptance, nonsenti-

mentality, and greater mutual respect through greater self-honesty.

The merits of the film, which are considerable, are not in its revelations; not many adults will fail to see, shortly after it begins, what it is about and how, more or less, it will conclude. (Joe says at the last, when his wife hopes that he gets what he wants, "It's not what I want, it's what I can settle for.") But Mordecai Richler's script of Braine's book minces no words, ideas, confrontations. Except for a tritely heroic scene in the town council chamber, it thrives on a level of candor that is not exceptional in much of modern fiction and drama but that still has the refreshment of novelty in English-language films. The construction of the screenplay is up to the level of Neil Patterson's for the first *Top* film: combining a sense of incisive forward motion with adequate dilation and exploration. The same compliment, vis-à-vis the earlier direction by Jack Clayton, can be paid to Ted Kotcheff, a 34-year-old TV veteran. (The only previous film of his that I know of is a 1963 number called *Tiara Tahiti*, on which Richler also worked.) There are occasional heavy touches: a newsboy hiding his dirty hands, the last shot of the factory gates enclosing Joe. There is a bed scene in which we look over the man's naked shoulder at the woman's face – a shot I sincerely hope never to see again. But Kotcheff is, in the main, imaginatively dramatic. He has a feeling for the sheer presence of human beings and has a nice eye for integrating them in their surroundings: for example, a high shot down past the huge grimy chimney of the factory to Joe's remote white Jaguar.

With the exception of Robert Morley,

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Eleanor Dienstag, was formerly an editor of *Monocle*, is now a free-lance writer. Frank Warnke is a professor of English at the University of Washington. Edward Hyams' novel, *The Last Poor Man*, will be published by Simon and Schuster in May. Thomas W. Wilson, Jr., is the author of *Cold War* and *Common Sense*.

who is becoming a sybaritic bore, the cast is exceptionally good. Some of them are holdovers from the first *Top* picture: Laurence Harvey, who has revived both the Yorkshire accent and some ability, as Joe; Allan Cuthbertson as his snobby friend-enemy; Ambrosine Philpotts, as his "county" mother-in-law; and, most particularly, Donald Wolfitt, as the tycoon. Wolfitt is one of those increasingly rare actors who has powerful vitality and utter conviction, along with a subtle flavor of huge experience *as actor*, perfectly perceptible as such but which nevertheless enriches the reality of the character he is playing. It is an extra dividend that comes only from good old artists.

Four newcomers to the Braine trust are also praiseworthy. Jean Simmons plays the older Susan, and readers of this column may remember that I have long considered her a gravely underrated actress. (In a soapy item called *Home Before Dark* she gave the kind of dramatic portrayal for which Bette Davis is unjustifiably hailed.) Miss Simmons presents this spoiled, well-meaning child-woman entire. Honor Blackman is crisp but sexy as the TV type; Margaret Johnston, who has perhaps the most archetypally English face of any actress on the screen, is wanly, blondely amusing. The chief surprise is Michael Craig as her wolfing husband. I had thought of Craig as an untapped British film resource—in a strong, reserved, slightly sadistic vein. Here his moustached and gray-templed gay dog shows a new aspect of his ability and, which is equally important, reveals him as a personality, as well as an actor.

There needs no ghost come from the grave to give us the message of *Life at the Top*. But well-stated truths, however familiar, are entertaining; that is one of the irreverent facts of art. Joe and Susan Lampton's agonies are not extraordinarily deep because they themselves are not extraordinarily deep; still their troubles are pertinent, and this account of them is interesting. This film lacks the fizz and flash of the recent *Darling*, but it is much more genuinely concerned with the morality of the new English middle class, which has at last got much of what it was striving for and wants to know "Now what?"

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

Christmas on the Coffee Table

Among us trend-spotters in the art-book world it was evident some years back that the trend was to diversification. It had to be, everybody already had a book on Van Gogh. So the publishers, timidly at first, ventured into Renoir, Modigliani, the Renaissance, the thousand aspects of Pablo Picasso, the history of Surrealism in many forms, David Duncan Douglas, or possibly David Douglas Duncan, in the Kremlin with limpid lens and purple prose, and all like that.

Diversification continues to diversify and here's a sample of what can be found this year for coffee table, study and home library:

Beyond any doubt the book for coffee tables that are not only high class but

also sturdy is the Arti Grafiche Ricordi's UNESCO publication of Jan Van Eyck's *Adoration of the Mystic Lamb*, with a full scholarly and critical text by Valentin Denis of Louvain. It goes for a cool hundred bucks and when you think of what a couple of really good dinners out can cost these days, the book is worth it. The polytych is reproduced in full, with folding wings, and detail by detail. The kind of oil painting Van Eyck invented—smooth and even, no physical texture, no Fancy Dan brushwork—is unusually well suited for such top quality reproduction. The work, after all, is not merely one of the monuments but one of the sources of European art. The production is sumptuous, with red leather, the



If you love children, your heart will go out to Tommy Littleraven, a 9-year-old American Indian boy who is attending school off the reservation for the first time. Going to school in town frightens Tommy. He is afraid that his non-Indian schoolmates are laughing at his tattered clothing, at his faulty English.

He yearns to join the school club, buy personal books, clothing, go out for a soda with the other boys. But his parents are too poor to give him pocket money. And so Tommy wanders off by himself and dreams that someday he will have the money to do what his non-Indian schoolmates do.

if you love children

Make a dream come true! You, your school or group can make this dream come true for an Indian child like Tommy. Contribute \$12.50 a month and provide one Indian youngster with suitable clothing, personal books and a cash allowance. You will receive the photograph and story of the child you help and enjoy a warm person-to-person relationship through an exchange of letters. Please give one Indian youngster an even break—and the sense of security and confidence he needs to join the mainstream of American life.

National Sponsors

Faith Baldwin
Joan Crawford
Henry R. Luce
Norman Rockwell
Frank Sinatra
Mrs. Earl Warren

Founded 1932 SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION

Norwalk, Connecticut

I wish to contribute \$150.00 annually to help an American Indian girl ☐ boy ☐

Enclosed is my first payment:

\$12.50 a month ☐ \$ 75.00 semi-annually ☐
\$37.50 a quarter ☐ \$150.00 annually ☐

I cannot sponsor a child, enclosed is contribution of \$_____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Contributions are income tax deductible.

NR12-18-5

SUMMERLANE CAMP

in the tradition of

The Little Commonwealth
Summerhill

The Gorky Colony

Continuing an exploration of the boundaries of freedom in democracy; seeking to teach that love is something more than need; that work and creativity are inseparable.

Now in our 4th summer.

Boys & Girls Ages 5-19

BUCK BROOK FARM
NORTH BRANCH 5, N. Y.

.....
STUDENT TRAVEL IN 1966
 • S.T.O.P. offers 18 different itineraries featuring
 • Greece & island cruises—"Running of the Bulls"
 • in Pamplona, Moroccan souks—Black Sea Cruise
 • and Resorts plus all of Western Europe and Israel.
 • Age limitation 18-28, only or separate Teen Tours.
 • British Univ. Leaders. Our 18th year. See your
 • travel agent for these brochures or for Hawaii;
 • Orient/RTW. **S.T.O.P. TOURS**
 • (Student Travel Overseas Programs)
 • 2119 Addison St. Suite 9, Berkeley, California
 •

"At a time when . . . a new generation, demanding a new purpose and style in its politics, is rapidly coming to power, moderate and liberal Republicans have provided a leadership that cuts across the partisan divisions of distant decades. . . ."

Ripon FORUM; November 1965

**SUBSCRIBE TO
THE RIPON FORUM**

A monthly newsletter of imaginative ideas, news, and opinions for the GOP. One year, \$5.00; Student Rate, \$3.00. FORUM and all Ripon white papers and releases, \$10.00.

WRITE: DEPT. B, RIPON SOCIETY
P.O. Box 138 Cambridge, Mass.

reproductions mounted on wood and a slipcase. Professor Denis does everything necessary in every direction, incidentally disposing of Hubert, the mysterious older brother, as probably a myth derived from Lambert, a real Van Eyck brother.

For my own taste in exotic books, I'd take the gorgeous *Islamic Carpets*, by Joseph V. McMullan (Near Eastern Art Research Center, NYC, \$35). The McMullan collection has long been the greatest private collection of oriental rugs in existence and one of the four finest public or private in the world. Mr. McMullan here handsomely reproduced 152 of them, from Turkey Court work and Mamluk all the way to the rare Mongol saddle rugs. Rug fanciers dependent on the excellent collection of the Metropolitan are aware of its natural enough bias toward the court rug. The McMullan collection offsets that with a great gathering of village work with its thick, tough and congenial weaving. Each of the beautifully reproduced examples, is accompanied by a note by Mr. McMullan that is a model of informative brevity.

Diversification's main road has been to the non-European cultures. Scholarly and sound is *The Jaguar's Children: Pre-Classic Central America* by Michael Coe (Museum of Primitive Art, NYC, \$8.95) dealing with the Omec, who are clearly due to take the place in pre-Columbiana that the Archaic took in Greece in recent years, displacing, respectively, the Maya and the Hellenistic. There are over 200 black and white sculptures reproduced and the book is the first publication of the extremely important finds at Las Bocas.

G. H. S. Bushness' *Ancient Arts of the Americas* (Praeger, \$7.50) is on a more popular level, with 48 in color, 204 black and white and takes in everything from Mexico to Brazil, including the often ignored West Indies. In the same trade-sized format is Tamara Talbot Rice's *Ancient Arts of Central Asia* (Praeger, \$7.50) which does the same kind of popular survey of the swarming art history of the Transcaucasus, the Iranian highlands and central Asia from the beginnings to early Christianity.

In a similar series, a new addition is *The Art of Ancient Iran* by Edith Porada (Crown, \$6.95) which deals with all the pre-Islamic cultures of the most

ancient part of our world with 61 color plates, 121 black and whites and good texts by the author and by C. K. Wilkinson.

Less for the student's library and more for pizzazz, but still worthwhile as understanding is *The Splendors of Asia*, superb black and white photos by Dorothy Hales Gray, informative text by Robert Payne (Viking, \$12.50). A handsome book with the stress about equally divided between the actual material and the excellence of the photographer's eye. *Ajanta* by Madanjeet Singh (Macmillan, \$19.95) is scholarly with fine color reproductions of the paintings in the cave temples of Ajanta, the ancient Buddhist Indian monasteries. The history in full, plus illuminating drawings and maps, plus detailed notes, accompany the 72 color plates of one of the great remains of Asia.

A new entry in series of books about museums is the "Museums Discovered Series" edited by Sir John Rothenstein. The first volume is *The Kröller-Müller*, for so long a favorite place-name as well as a favorite place, text by assistant director Ellen Joosten (Shorewood, \$7.95). Color is good in 100 plates, mostly modern with some older stuff. The series will get away from the Metropolitan, the Louvre and the Prado and get into such small but fine museums, among which I should like to nominate the Phillips Collection and the Worcester Museum.

More conventional but fine among the season's offerings are: *Baroque Sculpture*, with commentaries by Eva-Maria Wagner (Macmillan, \$14.95) first rate black and white plates, minimal comment. Latest in a long and very good sculpture series, *Aristide Maillol* by Waldemar George, with a biography by Dina Vierny (NY Graphic, \$25). Sculpture, prints, drawings and paintings copiously reproduced in color and black and white. *Odilon Redon* by Klaus Berger (McGraw-Hill, \$19.95) features excellent reproductions and a somewhat overblown text.

We come to the really offbeat books and that's where the fun is. You can be a snob or an anti-snob with *Great Family Collections*, edited by Douglas Cooper (Macmillan, \$19.95), treatments by as many hands of a dozen assemblages made by high-class European bandits through the centuries: the Colonna, the

Doria Pamphili and the Pallavicini in Italy, the Devonshires, Cholmondeleys and Spencers in England, the dukes of Alba in Spain, the Fürstenbergs among the Huns, and other famous robbers. You get interior views and the china and plate as well as the pictures and statues and armor and tapestries and it's all somewhat stifling. It's bad enough to have to live like that, but to be reduced to letting in the color cameras, the pity of it.

Long overdue is this year's entry from the Picasso industry: *Picasso's World of Children* by Helen Kay with imprimatur by D.-H. Kahnweiler (Doubleday, \$22.50). The fact is that old Proteus has always been a pushover for kiddies; the theme is constant from before Paris until today and the book is a good bringing together of pictures and prints and drawings over the entire century so far. Good quality and pleasant text.

Monks, Nuns and Monasteries by Sacheverell Sitwell (Holt, \$12.50) is a reminiscent ramble through history and geography and personal recollection, nicely blended, and beautifully illustrated in black and white: England, the Empire, Italy, Iberia, France and the East. Sacheverell likes the places better when the inhabitants have departed but is tolerant of their presence when it cannot be avoided and defends their historic function of making and preserving places he likes.

For sheer delight and the spirit of the season, somehow, the book of the year is *The Art of the Puppet* by Bil Baird (Macmillan, \$17.50), the famous puppetmaster. Baird is one of those specialists—it hardly matters, in these cases what the specialty is—whose enthusiastic knowledge and love overwhelms you. The text is beautiful to read and you learn a lot more than you would ever go out to learn about the field. The color and black and white pictures follow the story nicely around the world and down the ages. A gem.

Two books by artists make up the list: Ben Shahn's *Sweet Was the Song* (*Odyssey*, \$1) is a tiny book of one song, drawn and illuminated by Shahn, whose hand seems astonishingly appropriate to this medieval English carol; and a new *Bestiary* in Spanish and English, text by Pablo Naruda, woodcuts by Antonio Frasconi, marvelously suited to each other (Harcourt Brace, \$12.50).

FRANK GETLEIN

New Books by Recent Contributors

- Alexander Bickel: *Politics and The Warren Court* (Harper & Row; \$6.95)
 Juan Bosch: *The Unfinished Experiment: Democracy in the Dominican Republic* (Praeger; \$5.95)
 Denis W. Brogan: *American Aspects* (Harper & Row; \$4)
 Robert Brustein: *Seasons of Discontent* (Simon & Schuster; \$5.95)
 C. D. B. Bryan: *P. S. Wilkinson* (Harper & Row; \$5.95)
 Alastair Buchan (editor and with a forward) *China and the Peace of Asia* (Praeger; \$6)
 Guy Daniels: (editor & translator) *The Lermontov Reader* (Macmillan; \$6.50)
 Philip Deane: *Constantinos Doxiadis, Masterbuilder for Free Men* (Oceana; \$4.95)
 Jules Duscha: *Arms, Money and Politics* (Washburn; \$4.75)
 Leon Edel: *Complete Tales of Henry James* (volumes 11 & 12) (Lippincott; \$6.95 each)
 Irvin Faust: *Roar Lion Roar and Other Stories* (Random House; \$3.95)
 Jules Feiffer: *Great Comic Book Heroes* (Dial Press; \$9.95)
 Ronald Goldfarb: *Ransom* (Harper & Row; \$5.95)
 Albert Goldman: *The Mine and the Mint* (Southern Illinois; \$5.95)
 Robert Graves: *Majorca Observed* (Doubleday; \$10)
 Louis J. Halle: *The Society of Man* (Harper & Row; \$4.95)
 Gilbert A. Harrison: (editor) *Gertrude Stein's America* (Luce; \$3.95)
 Stanley Hoffmann: *The State of War* (Praeger; \$5.95)
 Paul Murray Kendall: *The Art of Biography* (Norton; \$4.50)
 Charles Burton Marshall: *The Exercise of Sovereignty* (Johns Hopkins; \$6.50)
 Hans J. Morgenthau: *Vietnam and the United States* (Public Affairs; \$3.25)
 Howard Moss: *Finding Them Lost and Other Poems* (Scribner's; \$3.50)
 Bernard Nossiter: *Mythmakers* (Houghton Mifflin; \$4)
 Conor Cruise O'Brien: *Writers and Politics* (Pantheon; \$4.95)
 Robert Payne: *The Rise and Fall of Stalin* (Simon and Schuster; \$10)
 Morris Philipson: *Bourgeois Anonymous* (Vanguard; \$4.95)
 Robert Presthus: *Behavioral Approaches to Public Administration* (University of Alabama; \$5.95)
 Harrison E. Salisbury: *Russia* (Atheneum; \$3.95)
 Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.: *A Thousand Days* (Houghton Mifflin; \$9)
 Thomas Szasz: *Psychiatric Justice* (Macmillan; \$6.95) *Ethics of Psychoanalysis* (Basic Books; \$5.50)
 John Updike: *Of the Farm* (Knopf; \$3.95)
 John Wain: *Young Visitors* (Viking; \$4.50)
 Stanley Weintraub: *Reggie* (Braziller; \$6)

WFF 'N PROOF
WFF 'N PROOF
WFF 'N PROOF

THE GAMES FOR THINKERS

WFF 'N PROOF: The Game of Modern Logic \$6.25
EQUATIONS: The Game of Creative Math \$2.75

**PERFECT GIFTS FOR THOSE WHO ENJOY
BRAIN TO BRAIN COMBAT**

"Introduction of the first WFF 'N PROOF game... was in our estimation, a significant event in the teaching of logic—as significant in its field as the launching of the first satellite in the space race field."
DATA PROCESSING DIGEST

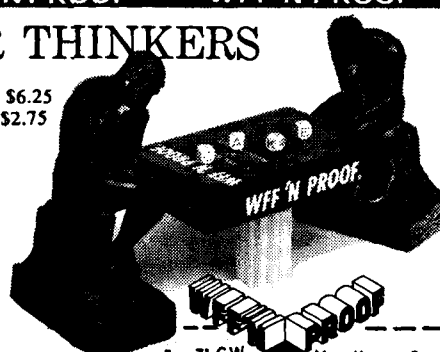
"... you will approve of WFF 'N PROOF, the game of modern logic. For the expert it's serious fun. For the skeptic it's putting things in their proper place. For the novice it's a course of study..." **ESQUIRE**

Can you solve this problem?

- There are three numbered statements in this box.
- Two of these numbered statements are not true.
- The average increase in I.Q. scores of those who learn to play WFF 'N PROOF is more than 20 points.

Is statement No. 3 true?

A NEW DIMENSION IN EDUCATIONAL GAMES
by Yale Professor Layman E. Allen



Box 71 CW New Haven, Conn.
 Please send me **WFF 'N PROOF**
 **EQUATIONS**

I enclose \$..... and understand that if I am not completely satisfied, I can return the games in 10 days for a full refund of the purchase price.

Name
 Address
 City State Zip

Refund and return privileges guaranteed!
 Dealer Inquiries Invited

WFF 'N PROOF
WFF 'N PROOF
WFF 'N PROOF

I WANT TO KNOW

How Citizen Exchange Corps
Helps Americans Find Out

**If Russians Have
HORNS . . .**

Send me Free reprints of *N.Y. Times* articles and editorials telling about CEC, a non-profit, tax-exempt foundation. How it brings Americans of all ages and occupations to Russia for 3-week visits with counterparts. How it gives hospitality to Soviet visitors in U.S. And how I can participate in this program, which will lead eventually to exchanges of Americans and Soviets to live and work in each other's country for 6 months to 2 years.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE ZIP NO.

Mail to

CITIZEN EXCHANGE CORPS
550 Fifth Avenue, Dept. 122
New York, N.Y. 10036

IN SASKATCHEWAN

—Where student sport is only "for fun" and there is no fraternity system.

—Where "town-gown" relations are mutually respectful and ethnic diversity resists the cultural "melting pot."

—Where social innovations (e.g. Medicare) and a range of developmental stages (from the hunting-and-fishing economy of the Northern Indians and Metis to the urban centers of the South) provide a natural laboratory for social research.

—Where all research is unclassified.

—Where a divisional academic organization permits a combination of interdisciplinary and traditional teaching and research.

**You are invited to apply
for the following positions for 1966-67**

Anthropology — 1 position* to initiate full-time work in the field.

Economics — 2 positions—1 in Econometrics and/or Mathematical Economics; 1 in Micro-economics and Growth theory.

Geography — 1 position* to initiate full-time work in Human Geography with special emphasis on North America.

History — 3 positions.

Political Science — 2 positions.

Psychology — 4 positions—in Developmental, Social, Experimental and Learning.

Sociology — 3 positions.

* Subject to approval of creation of position by Board of Governors.

Salaries, etc.

In current year, Full Professor—\$14,000 minimum; Associate Professor—\$11,000 to \$13,600; Assistant Professor—\$8,200 to \$10,600; Instructor—\$6,000 to \$8,000.

Teaching duties: September to April; normal load 9 hours per week.

For further information, write to Dallas W. Smythe, Chairman, Division of the Social Sciences, University of Saskatchewan Regina Campus, Regina, Canada.

Correspondence**Negroes and Politics**

Sirs:

. . . How in Heaven's name did Kopkind (Nov. 27) come to conclude that Negroes compose *half* the population of this state! And how did your editors ever allow such a statement to reach print!

Negroes at present compose no more than 28 percent of Alabama's population, and this is a dwindling percentage. In no statewide election, in no urban area, can Negroes ever hope to cast more than a fourth of the votes. In only five of 67 counties are there more Negroes than whites; and in 50 counties, including most of the ones that are growing, Negroes can cast no more than one-fifth to one-tenth of the votes. How did Mr. Kopkind fail to hear the commonest saying in Alabama: "For 30 years we have been swappin' niggers for Yankees?" There has been an exodus: it is continuing: and unless a reporter understands all the effects of this exodus, he cannot report reliably on race politics in Alabama.

Since Alabama Negroes are such a minority, and will become a smaller minority, to be effective they must skillfully practice "minority" politics. No political move by them makes sense unless it aims at alliance with at least a third of the white voters. And indeed this is the strategy proposed by Tuskegee's Dr. C. G. Gomillion and by Huntsville's Dr. John L. Cashin, Jr. It is the strategy being followed by NAACP, as well as by Dr. King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference. The only two groups now working for white man-black man division in Alabama are the supporters of George Wallace and the SNCC workers. The Wallace supporters are White Supremacists; the SNCC workers are well-intentioned but foolish.

Mr. Kopkind writes: "With about 100 more workers, and perhaps \$40,000, SNCC could revolutionize Alabama politics in six months." This is a ridiculous statement, to be expected from a reporter who begins by assuming that half the potential voters in Alabama are Negroes. He writes further: "The Negroes in the Black Belt still have only

the barest idea of what they can do with their numerical superiority." The Negroes in the 17 Black Belt counties do not have any "numerical superiority." The five counties in which Negroes do have numerical superiority have been tied to "white" counties to form legislative districts with white majorities.

So if Negroes attempt any mass take-over of county offices, they will only invite white retaliation in their legislative district. Or in the state-wide races. Moreover, what sort of Negroes remain in the Black Belt? During a 30-year exodus to better jobs, to a hoped-for better way of life, what sort of people have chosen to stay? Obviously the unambitious, the untrained, the people most inclined toward "staying in their place."

This is why the "middle-class Negroes," for whom Mr. Kopkind seems to feel contempt, fear any precipitate, Congo-like, SNCC-inspired "take-over" by uneducated Negroes in the five counties where this might be possible. . . .

William Bradford Huie
Hartselle, Alabama

In reply . . .

My percentage was wrong, but the argument for asserting power in Alabama is not based on arithmetic but on political power. Organization of a third (instead of half) of the state into a self-conscious bloc of power could "revolutionize Alabama politics," although in a way that Mr. Huie doubtless would abhor. He gives his game away in talk about "Congo-like," "mass take-overs" by "uneducated Negroes." There is a school of "moderation" in Alabama, attended by Negroes and whites alike, who bear no prejudice except to the "uneducated"; who seek to extend democracy in Alabama, except to the "uneducated"; who would like black and white to rule together, over the "uneducated."

Dr. Gomillion of the *predominantly-Negro* Tuskegee Institute (I should not have called it *all-Negro*) and the leaders of the Alabama Democratic Conference Inc. may do much to increase the political power of many Alabama Negroes; they are not going to be able to do it for all the Negroes, most of whom are "uneducated" and will remain so for a long time ("uneducated" and "poor" are pretty well interchangeable

in that context). SNCC so far does not have the resources to do what it wants to do, but if it did, a third of the state and the heavy concentrations of Negroes in Black Belt counties is more than enough to work with. Negroes make up far less than a majority of the population of Cleveland, Ohio, and last month (in the campaign of Carl Stokes for mayor) they came within a hair's breadth of "taking over" and even so have changed Ohio's politics.

Andrew Kopkind

Audio-Visual Aids

Sirs:

There is an all too common paradox contained in Christopher Jencks' stimulating article on school legislation (Education: What Next?) which was featured in the October 16 issue. While exhibiting an admirable passion for social progress through expanded educational opportunities, Mr. Jencks exposes a peculiar hostility to one of the most promising sources of educational progress.

Mr. Jencks submits that one of the chief virtues of the proposed National Teacher Corps was the possibility that "... apprentices might after a couple of years be able to land regular teaching jobs and get certification without the usual nonsense about courses in audio-visual aids."

To verbally slam the door on audio-visuals is to turn from the very technology which may make it possible to offer quality education to the vastly increased number of young people who would be attending schools under the federal programs of scholarships which Mr. Jencks obviously supports. After all, most colleges are already overcrowded, and at every level of American education the ratio of new teachers to new students is deteriorating.

As long ago as World War II it was convincingly demonstrated that audio-visual aids can improve the efficiency of teaching by presenting information in such a way that it can be absorbed at a more rapid rate, and will be retained longer afterward. If we are to teach more and more students with fewer and fewer teachers, relatively speaking, then it is apparent that teaching efficiencies must be achieved. And — most important — these efficiencies

must be achieved without in any way sacrificing the quality of instruction.

How can audio-visuals accomplish this? Let me mention three ways as examples: Large-screen projection, coupled with closed-circuit television when appropriate, has made it possible for teachers to effectively teach classes of several hundred students by overcoming the barriers to what a student can see and hear from the back of the room. Audio-visuals can relieve the teacher of some of the more routine areas of instruction so that he can concentrate efforts where his personal presentation will have the greatest effect. Audio-visuals make possible individual instruction at different levels and pace within a single group so that each student has a better opportunity to learn up to his maximum capacity.

James W. Hulfish Jr.
Director of Information
National Audio-Visual Assn. Inc.
Fairfax, Virginia

In reply:

My comment was not intended to offend either Mr. Hulfish or his employers, for their merchandise can be useful to teachers. I am, however, skeptical about the value of courses on the use of audio-visual aids, which in my experience consist of lessons in how to run different species of tape recorders and movie projectors plus banalities on the use of such equipment in lesson-planning.

Christopher Jencks

"A Hell of a Licking"

Sirs:

In 1943, when General Stillwell, smitten by overwhelmingly superior forces fighting on an impossible terrain, reeled back out of the Burma jungle, the publicity boys in Washington burst frantically into their customary song-and-dance about its being a planned withdrawal to permit regrouping of our forces to strike the badly battered enemy a finishing blow, therefore it was tantamount to a victory. But some correspondent somehow slipped through a direct quotation: "I," said Vinegar Joe, "say we took a hell of a licking."

Coming at a bad moment of a huge and desperate war, this, of course destroyed civilian morale and caused us

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT QUAKERS?

Despite hazy popular notions, they do not live "out of this world." Their concerns have always led them to combat social evils. Liberalism has been their way of life for over 300 years.

FRIENDS JOURNAL, issued semi-monthly, covers the broad spectrum of Quaker thought and life. Ask for sample copy, or use coupon.

FRIENDS JOURNAL, Room N
152-A N. 15th St., Phila., Pa. 19102

Enclosed is \$4.50 (special new subscribers' rate) for one year (24 issues).

Name.....

Address.....

BOOK HUNTING?

Any Book Located

No matter how old or long out-of-print. Name the book—we'll find it for you! (Title alone sufficient.) All authors, all subjects. Fiction, nonfiction. No obligation. Write to—Dept. NEW

BOOKS-ON-FILE

Union City

New Jersey

EUROPE

An unregimented trip stressing individual freedom. Low cost yet covers all the usual plus places other tours miss. Unless the standard tour is a "must" for you, discover this unique tour before you go to Europe.

EUROPE SUMMER TOURS
255 Sequoia, Dept. N—Pasadena, California

BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING YOU!



A SPECIAL Holiday mailing includes a seasonable message from "Big Brother." \$2.50 includes First Class same day mailing anywhere. Be really unique. Significant, timely, warm report. Quickly to:
T. Beaubien Healy
234 Tenth Street
Toledo, Ohio 43624

CLASSIFIED RATES

Per word (single insertion).....20c
Per word 6 times in one contract year.....18c
Per word 13 times in one contract year.....17c
Per word 26 times in one contract year.....14c
Per word 48 times in one contract year.....13c

THE NEW REPUBLIC

1244 19th St. N.W., Wash. 36, D. C.

to surrender—or did it? Memory doesn't present it that way. Memory asserts that morale stiffened, that we didn't surrender, and that we won the war.

Something has been happening recently in the Ia Drang valley in Vietnam, which the publicity boys are presenting as practically a victory. Nobody has said flatly that some uniformed idiot marched two battalions into a valley without first securing the high ground commanding it and that we took a hell of a licking. Even if it were true, nobody would say it because saying it would destroy civilian morale. Think what happened when Stillwell admitted his defeat.

Gerald W. Johnson
Baltimore, Md.

Cuba and Communism

Sirs:

Lee Lockwood's robust epithets ("Cuba's New Beat, Dec. 11) about my "inaccuracy, gossip and superficial judgment" in describing Cuba as I saw it puzzle me. Except where he totally misread me, and barring his apparent conclusion that by mugging up their Marxism the Fidelista faithful are going to gain a sounder grasp of the island's economic problems and their solution, I can't see that we disagree too much.

I go along with Lockwood that Communism is there to stay in Cuba for the foreseeable future. I certainly agree it

would be wishful thinking—assuming you deem this a matter for wishing much either way—to suppose that Castro is about to blow away like a puffball in the wind. . . .

But from the tone of his letter, it would seem he thinks that by embracing Marxism-Leninism, Castro's followers are putting the clock forward, or that everything stops there. History reaches the end of the line. That is simply bosh!

I agree the Cuban press and radio today blast away continuously about the Bay of Pigs and warn the populace to be ever alert against Yankee aggression. But I strongly suspect that constant reiteration of the theme numbs the senses. In any event, during my visit I did not find a solitary Cuban, either official or private citizen, who seriously expects another CIA-backed invasion.

Just because *Granma*, the party paper, prints yards of copy daily harking back to heroic revolutionary legends, does not mean it gets read. It is significant that its rival, which tries to be as apolitical as circumstances permit, sells better. Indeed, Castro had to merge his two Communist sheets recently.

Lockwood may be right about his four batteries of mobile ack-ack "of late Russian manufacture" stationed in the Hotel Nacional grounds. I was in and out of the place a good deal and never detected them, however. Maybe they had been moved by the time I got to Havana. In any case, four batteries—and I think he must mean four guns since four batteries would be sixteen, and packing that many into a garden would create a certain congestion—is nothing to get excited about.

It is no secret that the Russians have given Castro plenty of military hardware. They can spare it—like those snow ploughs. But lacking an industrial base, as they do, the Cubans can do little more than parade it through the streets on high days and holidays. I suppose their SAM-2s could knock down a U-2, in theory. So what?

Lockwood seems tremendously impressed by what he calls a "terrestrial Strategic Air Command" in the shape of "Battalion 500." A curious image! No doubt it could fight, if there was anyone seeking to engage it. But unless the Russians make Castro a present of a big fleet of landing-craft, I cannot see what the outfit is for, except to play

soldiers.

No doubt Cuban boys and girls are drilled with real rifles. This seems more sinister to Lockwood than it does to me. We British do the same in our school OTC's. My 10-year-old son is rather a good shot. Even in highly civilized Switzerland every male adult is so trained, and, what is more, keeps his service rifle in his home, ready to spring to the nation's defense. Israel, with more reason, is similarly geared up for citizen war.

As for whether Castro is training more or fewer cadres for export to Latin America, as liberators or whatever, Lockwood admits this is anyone's guess. My information is that Cuba's Russian patrons are distinctly cool toward such movements at present. Quite apart from being reluctant to get into any head-on collision with the US, the Kremlin can hardly be anxious to subsidize more costly satellites yet awhile.

I cannot think why Lockwood should feel I implied Castro is not sincere in his espousal of Communism. I am sure he is. My guess would be that he was equally so when he was a youthful liberal humanist and at the other stages of his political development. What I did say, and reaffirm, is that certain dyed-in-the-wool Muscovite-type CP people, who were perhaps more readily available to me than they might have been to Lockwood who I gather is on chummy terms with Fidel, displayed boredom in their attitude toward the Maximum Leader's enthusiasms. . . .

So long as he concerns himself with improving the lot of his people—and only time can tell about that—I cannot see much point in being scared of Castro. I can sympathize with his wish to shed the shackles of colonialism and rid Cuba of its old dependence on the US. It is, of course, ironic that in doing so he finds himself dependent on the USSR. It is a pity, I think, that, in making the transition, he had to lumber himself with the antiquated dogma of Marxism. Perhaps he will grow out of it or, as Lockwood puts it, "evolve an original species of Communism tailored uniquely to Cuba's people's needs and aspirations."

Unlike Lockwood, however, I doubt whether such a Communism exists, even in limbo. But everyone to his taste. . . .

Stephen Barber
Washington, D. C.

This is how the Peace Corps measures progress:



You could join.
For information, write:
The Peace Corps,
Washington, D.C. 20525

BRITISH BOOK BARGAINS - All subjects. Catalogue free. Wants found. Transbooks, Box 44-NR, Matawan, New Jersey.

BOOKPLATES. Free catalog. Many beautiful designs. Address **BOOKPLATES**, Yellow Springs 3, Ohio.

FASCINATING MAGAZINE for book collectors! Information free. Sample copy 50c. **The Book-lover's Answer**, Webster 9, New York.

LOCATE BOOKS! Fla. Bookhunters. Box 15070-R, Orlando, Florida.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS Supplied. Access to one million books, magazines. Free lists. **Ardent Book-Finders** Dept. NR, 19 Salem, Cos Cob, Conn.

POETRY WANTED. Enclose stamped envelope. Idlewild Publishing Company, 333 Frederick, San Francisco, California.

NEW YORK editor aids writers in revising manuscripts. English-French. Box 455 New Republic.

FINANCE AND MEMBERSHIP DIRECTOR. Organization requires full-time staff member to direct and implement financial and membership programs. Starting salary, \$7,000. For details contact **ACLU** of Washington, 2101 Smith Tower, Seattle, Washington 98104.

OVERSEAS POSITIONS offer high salaries, free travel. Employers provide transportation and liberal vacations. Comprehensive new booklet, "Guide to Employment Abroad," covers all possibilities in sixty countries, all occupations. Includes exclusive "Directory of American Companies Overseas." Special reports on summer jobs, Government careers overseas, international organizations, medical work, teaching, librarian, secretarial positions, English-language newspapers overseas, social work. Send \$1.00. Airmail 30c extra. Money-back guarantee. **Hill International Publications** P.O. Box 79-N, East Islip, New York.

START A COLLECTION AGENCY. "Little Gold Mine!" Free Details. **Franklin Credit**, Roanoke, Virginia 24004.

HUMANISTS come together with the belief that mankind has only itself to rely upon. Bigotry, ignorance, poverty, injustice - conditions produced by society itself - are the battles in which humanists chose to engage, and the organized humanist movement serves as a rallying ground. Free information. **American Humanist Association**, Dept. NR-7, Humanist House, Yellow Springs, Ohio 45387.

PROMOTE INTERNATIONAL UNDERSTANDING! Send \$2.00, join the **World Friendship Association**, 213 Beech, Moses Lake, Washington.

EVERYBODY'S TALKING ABOUT the Baltimore Catholic Review. Informative. Penetrating. Interesting, too.

LEAVING WASHINGTON? NEED A CARETAKER? Young, very responsible married couple would love to live in and care for an, at least, 1 1/2 bedroom house - apartment. Call 382-6064.

PROGRESSIVE 10 issues \$2.50, Atlas \$6.00 year. **Playboy** (gift) \$6.00 year, **Consumers Reports** \$4.00 year, **Realities** \$10.00 year. **Pollocks Magazines**, 07739.

CHINA BOOKS & PERIODICALS, 2929 - 24th St., San Francisco, Calif. For 600 imported books in English from the People's Republic of China, write for free catalog.

"THE COMMUNITY: COULD THIS BE OUR TOWN?" by Wolf Von Eckardt. Pamphlet form, color cover. Reprinted from **THE NEW REPUBLIC's** 50th Anniversary Issue. 25c each, 10 copies for \$2.00. Order from Dept. M, **The New Republic**, 1244 - 19th St., N.W., Washington, D. C. 20036.

BOOKS FOR COLLECTORS! Free List. **The Book-lover's Answer**, Webster 9, New York.

EDITED DORE OGRIZEK. "The Winter Book of Switzerland," 383 pages. Maps, line illustrations in color. \$2.50. **Midnight Books**, Box 101, Wyckoff Heights Station, Brooklyn 37, N.Y.

FREEDOM CHRISTMAS CARDS - "The Children of Birmingham," "This Year the Freedom Tree." Ten cents apiece (regularly 15c). Do not send cash. Orders of less than ten cards not accepted. Send orders to **Newark Community Union Project**, 471 Clinton Avenue, Newark, New Jersey.

HAVE A FRIEND INTERESTED IN PHILATELY? Next 7+ cacheted covers commemorating **US Major Space Efforts** plus space-philatelic-newsletter for \$5.00. **Space Craft Covers**, Box 2296, Huntington, W. Va., 25724.

HUMANISTS are concerned with this life, not the afterlife of religion, the other life of LSD, the nonlife of pessimistic existentialism, the inner life of excessive introspection, not the superlife of those who live only for peak experiences. The organized humanist movement attempts to meet the challenge. Free information. **American Humanist Association**, Dept. NR-7, Humanist House, Yellow Springs, Ohio 45387.

"WILL FORMS." Two will forms and book on wills. \$1.00 complete. **National Forms**, Box 48313-NR, Los Angeles 48, Calif.

EXPERIMENT WITH "SLEEP-LEARNING." Self-hypnosis. Use your phonograph, recorder. Fascinating, educational. Details free. **Sleep-Learning Research Association**, Box 24-NR, Olympia Washington.

SIX DIFFERENT COLORFUL ANTI-WAR PINS, \$1.00 postpaid from: **Student Peace Union**, Five Beekman Street, New York, N. Y. 10038.

BEAUTIFUL BLACK AND WHITE 8x10 ENLARGEMENT from any photo, negative or slide-\$2.00 postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed. **Erler Cameras**, 1540 E. 83rd St., Chicago, Illinois 60619.

VACATION AND TRAVEL CLUB. Free registration. Write Mrs. Ingrid Shark, PO Box 2836, Washington, D.C. 20013.

289 EUROPEAN HOTELS - 168 cities, 24 countries covered in latest list of excellent, inexpensive hotels. Prices, addresses. \$1.00: **Voyager LTD**, Box 24684 NR, Los Angeles 24, Calif.

21 WAYS TO SAVE ON YOUR PHONE BILL. Send \$1 to **American Telephone Consumers Council**, 1133-H Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10036.

BRITISH SHOES FOR GENTLEMEN at a fraction of their American retail price! \$12.95 includes duty and import charges. Delivery in ten days from receipt of order. Money back guarantee. Write for free illustrated catalogue. **Steven Williams, Jr., Ltd.**, 37 East Willow Street, Millburn, N.J.

HARPSICORDS, CLAVICHORDS by Sperrhake. Dependable, beautiful, moderately priced. **Robert S. Taylor**, 8710 Garfield Street, Bethesda, Md.

SABATHIL HARPSICORDS unite authentic sound and modern reliability. **Vancouver, Canada.**

MUSIC OF MANY LANDS. Beautifully packaged authentic LP records. Free catalogue. Request **Records**, 66 Mechanic Street, New Rochelle, N.Y.

FOLK MUSIC RECORDINGS OF CONSISTENT QUALITY Authentic traditional singers, instrumentalists; tasteful interpreters. For descriptive catalog, write: Dept. NR, **Folk-Legacy Records, Inc.**, Huntington, Vermont.

UNESCO approved interlanguage. Text, pronunciation record loaned **FREE**, **Esperanto**, Dept. N.R., Middleton, Wisconsin.

20 BEAUTIFUL BLACK & WHITE WALLET SIZE prints and 1 5x7 in folder-\$3.00 postpaid; made from any slide, negative or photo. Satisfaction guaranteed. **Erler Camera**, 1540 East 83rd Street,

NUT-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB (TM) Special! Twelve kinds nut meats in two 9" plastic Nibble Trays. \$3.95 plus 55c postage. Free nutty horseshop. We handle gift mailing. **Northstar Station**, Minneapolis, Minn.

JAPANESE CONTEMPORARY ART - Purchase directly, money back guarantee. Send \$1 M/O for color transparencies. **KAWAGUCHI INTERNATIONAL GALLERY**, P.O. Box 48, Sakai City, Japan.

WHOLESALE ONLY Pentel Pens, 7 colors, and American made "H" Fine Line markers, 4 colors. Sells for 49c each. Low Low Prices. Sample Assortment. 6 for \$2.00. Write "H" Company for Price List, 1133 "H" Broadway, N.Y.C. 10, N.Y.

"AMERICA TOMORROW: CREATING THE GREAT SOCIETY." **THE NEW REPUBLIC's** widely applauded 50th Anniversary Issue, Special Studies on all of the main issues of today's world. Special reduced rate, 60c. Order from Dept. M, **The New Republic**, 1244 - 19th St., N.W., Washington, D. C. 20036.

IT IS THROUGH the organized humanist movement that humanists gain support for their convictions and for their attempts to implement humanistic values in society. Free information. **American Humanist Association**, Dept. NR-7, Humanist House, Yellow Springs, Ohio 45387.

SILENCE THOSE AGGRESSIVE HUCKSTERS! - Minimize commercial brain-washing! Silence commercials with simple device. Illustrated "do-it-yourself" instructions plus safety resistor, 25c; complete kit, including switch, wire and safety resistor, \$1.50 **The Silencer**, P.O. Box 106, Berkeley 1, California.

Printed by **National Publishing Co.** 301 N St., N.E., Washington 2, D. C.



Our 22nd Issue

It was too much for some of our readers.

Almost every page got to them: The exclusive photographs of Truman Capote's "In Cold Blood" killers and victims. The distorted nude. The provocative put-down of Sorensen's "Kennedy." The full report of plagiarism by a respectable Boston publisher. The Cocktail Party.

But wait until they see our 23rd issue. "The Auto Industry: Petite Eichmannism." The literature of homosexuality. Bob Dylan, "greatest poet in the U.S." Books for a changing world. And more Cocktail Party.

BOOKS is the monthly periodical for the serious reader with a sense of humor. Every issue is an unpredictable experience. Unlike the dull review, BOOKS gives books their lively due.

Some people like us: "BOOKS has style; I read every word in every issue—and quote you at dinner parties. You're beautiful!" "BOOKS is the most *readable* publication in town. You're full of surprises and great ideas—scholarly books never had it so good." "Terrific, lively writing style. Reading BOOKS is like having lunch with someone you like." "Your scoop on Marshall McLuhan was typical of BOOKS' being first. I'm very impressed." And from James Purdy: "BOOKS has shown very unusual methods . . . you actually mention

authors whose books do not sell 1000 copies an hour. How can you last? Isn't America beautiful enough without you?"

BOOKS likes books—and assumes that you do too. If you'd like a variety and a presentation of news about books, authors, and films available nowhere else, give us a whirl.

We're available only by subscription. \$2.92 a year. \$2.92?

----- Not on Newstands—Only By Subscription -----

BOOKS / Agel Publishing Co., Inc.
598 Madison Avenue, NYC 10022

I'm ready for you, BOOKS.

NAME
(Please Print)

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

My check is enclosed.

☐ ONE YEAR—\$2.92 ☐ TWO YEARS—\$5.50
12 monthly issues 24 monthly issues

(Extra postage outside U.S. and its possessions; Canada, Latin America and Spain—\$1.00 per year; other foreign—\$2.00 per year.)